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SEPTEMBER 7, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

FROM LONDON—

007's LAST FLING:

to Valhalla With Love

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LONDON—I saw him last a few weeks before he died. He seemed very tired. The effort of invention had become increasingly difficult. He found it particularly hard, he said, to think of new villains . . . continued on page 776

INSIDE THE NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION

PHILIP A. McCOMBS

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AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF LOS ANGELES DURING THE TERROR, BY A LOS ANGELES COP ♦ OTHER CRISES: HUCH ON MALAYSIA, K-L ON GREECE ♦ ALSO BUCKLEY, BURNHAM, BOZELL, BUCHANAN

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we concentrate on revolution. An articulate and highly intelligent member of the Los Angeles Police Department describes the recent Negro riots—how it felt to be trapped in a mob throwing bricks through your windshield, what the after-effects will be, how important the policeman is in the average Negro's life, what the origins of the rioting were. . . . The origins, says **Will Herberg,** are no other than those self-righteous preachers of civil disobedience and mob demonstrations, whom Herberg urges to search their conscience now, in the wake of a terrible indictment. . . . Civil rights, obscenity, violence, sexual disorder, insurrection, pacifism: these are all wrapped up together in The Movement, reports *NR* staffer **Philip A. McCombs** (Yale 1966), who joined the motley group for four days of odds, ends, and means in Washington. . . . The revolution overseas continues apace, in Greece as analyzed brilliantly by **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** and in Malaysia, where the dilapidation is observed at first-hand by **Susan Huck,** Ph.D. (geography), who has just come back from a six-week trip through Malaysia and the Far East. . . . There is revolution being hatched in Catholic circles, says **L. Brent Bozell,** on the question of contraception, and what is more, Garry Wills is guilty of advocating nonviolence. . . . And the great **William von Dreele** has a romp with the political revolution recently commanded by the Supreme Court.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes note of a recent effort by Richard (Alliance for Progress) Goodwin to define the Great Society. . . . **James Burnham** observes that in Vietnam the United States is conducting an operation that is basically at variance with its native genius, and there are some who say success is beyond reach in such a situation. . . . **Russell Kirk** tells about the exciting work being done by George Baird and Raymond English in the Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland, which may result in a revolution of sanity and virtue in Social Science.

➔ The late Ian Fleming is survived by his works, of which *The Man with the Golden Gun* is not what **Anthony Lejeune** considers his best. Fleming at his best had transformed a whole literary genre, says his personal friend, and if you can't find James Bond around town, try Valhalla. . . . **James Buchanan** is a Professor of Economics at the University of Virginia and a member of the "Chicago School." He finds George Stigler's *Essays in the History of Economics* very provocative, especially when Stigler asserts that the study of economics encourages political conservatism. . . Mr. **E. H. Wall,** a high school teacher who writes frequently in the *Brooklyn Tablet,* takes on two books about the role of the intellectual in America, and exercises the ultimate privilege of lighting out after the author with a baseball bat. . . . **Richard Hodgens** lives in New Jersey but gets across the river and under the marquee for a flick now and then. He saw five of 'em recently, and liked 2½. ➔

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To the Editor

Burnham on Medicare

Congratulations to Mr. Burnham for his expressed disapproval of the editorial on Medicare in the August 10 issue of *NR* and to the publisher and editors for presenting Mr. Burnham's comments.

I must, however, take issue with his counter-editorial [Aug. 24]. Medicare or socialized medicine by any other name is no more ineluctable than any other socialized welfare scheme. The pressures for Medicare have come from those persons—and they are legion—who believe that this and many other welfare services are both desirable and can be accomplished in more satisfactory fashion by government than by non-government methods. There is no *a priori* basis for this contention, nor can it find support from past or present experience. The fact that "every advanced nation" has a government medical plan is not evidence that the nations were advanced by that particular legislation. I believe that an honest look at other socialized medical plans, even among the most advanced nations, will reveal them to be extremely inefficient, wrought with delays and widespread abuses, and costly to the point of virtual bankruptcy.

Indianapolis, Ind. THEODORE L. ROSEBROCK

James Burnham deserves a respectful hearing on the discrepancies, disordered rhetoric and sour sarcasm of the *NR* editorial on Medicare. Nevertheless, it would appear that Burnham himself is guilty of overworking the ailing oldster argument. Government surveys (1959) and census findings (1957) revealed a more realistic and heartening view of the health status of the aging than the contention of Medicare proponents.

There is a substantial amount of well-grounded opinion that there was no "mass pressure" for Medicare. On the contrary, it is currently repeated over and over that the people are apathetic and indifferent in public affairs. Such a charge neglects the public's growing frustration and despair at the callous disregard for its wishes. Let me illustrate.

Historically, there was first the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill, next the Forand bill and lately the King-Anderson bill. There were millions of postcards, letters, telegrams and a deluge of delegations sent to Washington. Each time, each proposal was rejected. This *was* public opinion. Certain elements, however, who would profit by the proposals and those who want to arrange the lives of everyone else, kept on dragging out the issues. They wore out public opinion. Shouldn't one or two attempts suffice to get the feel of public opinion? And who ever heard of public opinion behind closed doors?

Naperville, Ill. EDWARD PALMER, M.D.

WHO REALLY WROTE 'RHETORIC AND MEDICARE' OVER BYLINE JAMES BURNHAM?

Downey, Calif. T. A. SMITH

Hitting Home

I almost never write letters to editors of magazines. But I must write and tell you that it has been a long time since I enjoyed an article as much as the one on the Goldwater campaign by David C. Johnston [Aug. 24].

Being a 24-year-old campaigner for Goldwater, and having been a Goldwater campaigner since 1960, I have suffered many of the experiences of fourteen-year-old Johnston.

I've never done it before, but for some reason, his article made me cry!

Missoula, Mont. JIM DULLENTY

Freedom House and Vietnam

The editorial "Public Opinion and Vietnam" in the August 10th NATIONAL REVIEW employs a false assumption as the basis for an erroneous conclusion.

Referring to an advertisement sponsored by Freedom House in support of the Administration's Vietnam policy, you state: "There is ample reason to believe that the impetus, and perhaps the financial backing, for this Freedom House endeavor have their origin in the White House."

The above implication is completely false. Several meetings of our Board were devoted to the American involvement in Vietnam. Both the impetus and the financial backing for the recent Freedom House effort came from within our organization, without White House stimulation. The initiative was entirely our own. We naturally invited and welcomed the President's reaction to our statement of support, but President Johnson and his associates were in no way responsible for our action.

New York, N.Y. GEORGE FIELD
Executive Director
Freedom House

YRs and Civil Rights

In reply to a query in this column as to whether the young Republicans endorsed the Civil Rights Act at their recent convention, you replied: "No. They defeated a motion urging its repeal" [*NR*, Aug. 10]. I attended the YR National Convention in Miami Beach this past June and was present on the floor when the endorsement did indeed take place. It

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came on the last day of the convention in a 6:50 AM vote adopting the young GOP platform. The civil rights plank was approved by the delegates after rejecting by a standing vote a motion calling for repeal of the law. As approved the plank said: "The 1964 Civil Rights Act is the law of the land and therefore we support it. In addition, we support the Republican voting rights bill which insures every eligible American the right to vote. . . ."

Michigamme, Mich. DARRYL D. SKYTTA

Dropouts

"Three Cheers for the College Dropout" [Russell Kirk, Aug. 10] has for a basic premise the theory that colleges and universities would benefit from a reduction in enrollment. This may be true, but the problem can only be solved within the universities themselves.

Any restrictions on a student's desire to attend college, regardless of his reason, even if it's for the sake of "fun and games," is a restriction of personal freedom. If a student has fulfilled his high school requirements and desires to attend college, he should have the opportunity.

Westbury, N.Y. LINDA GRUHN

Mr. Kirk's "Three Cheers for the College Dropout" hinted that federal money might be better spent in encouraging some young persons *not* to attend college.

Such is already the case!

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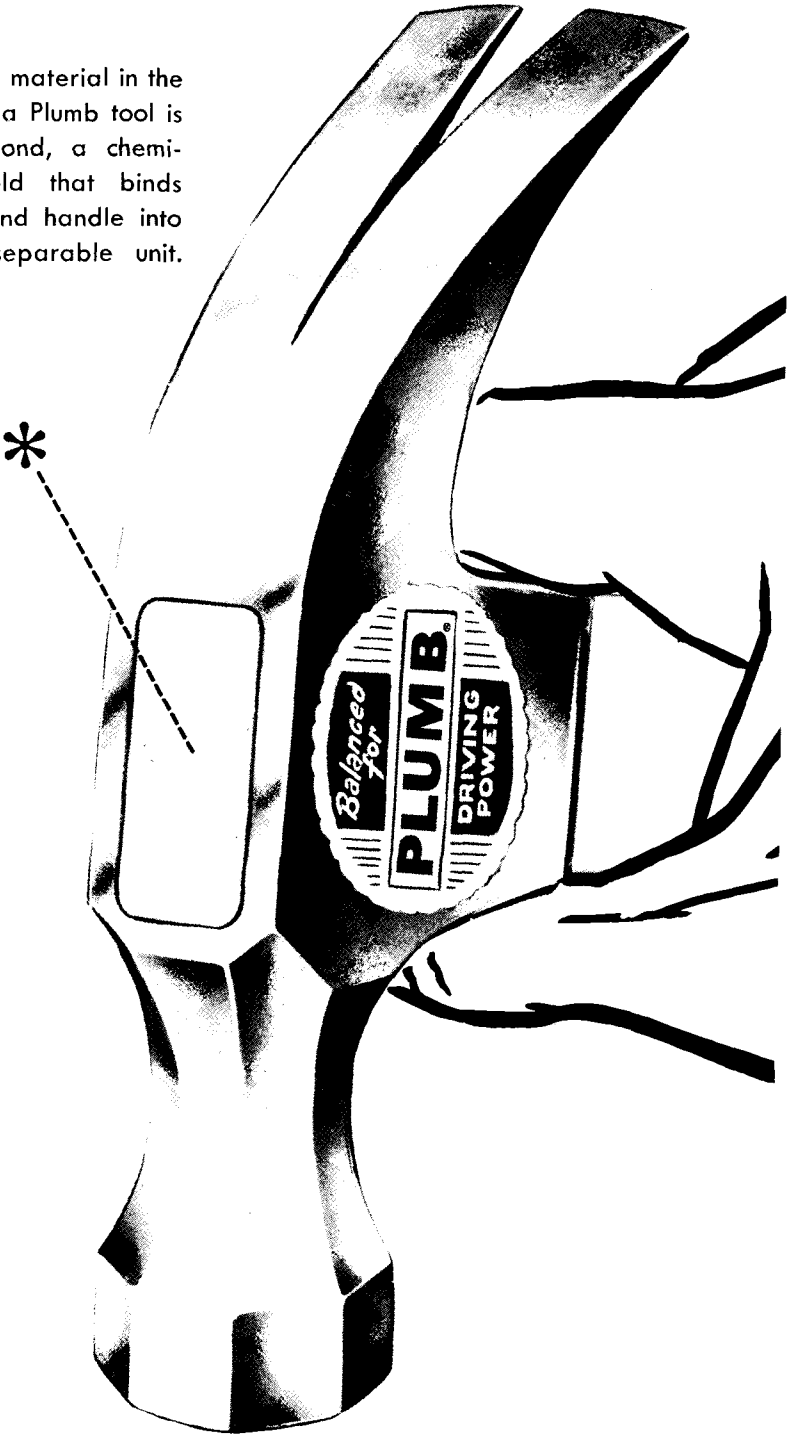

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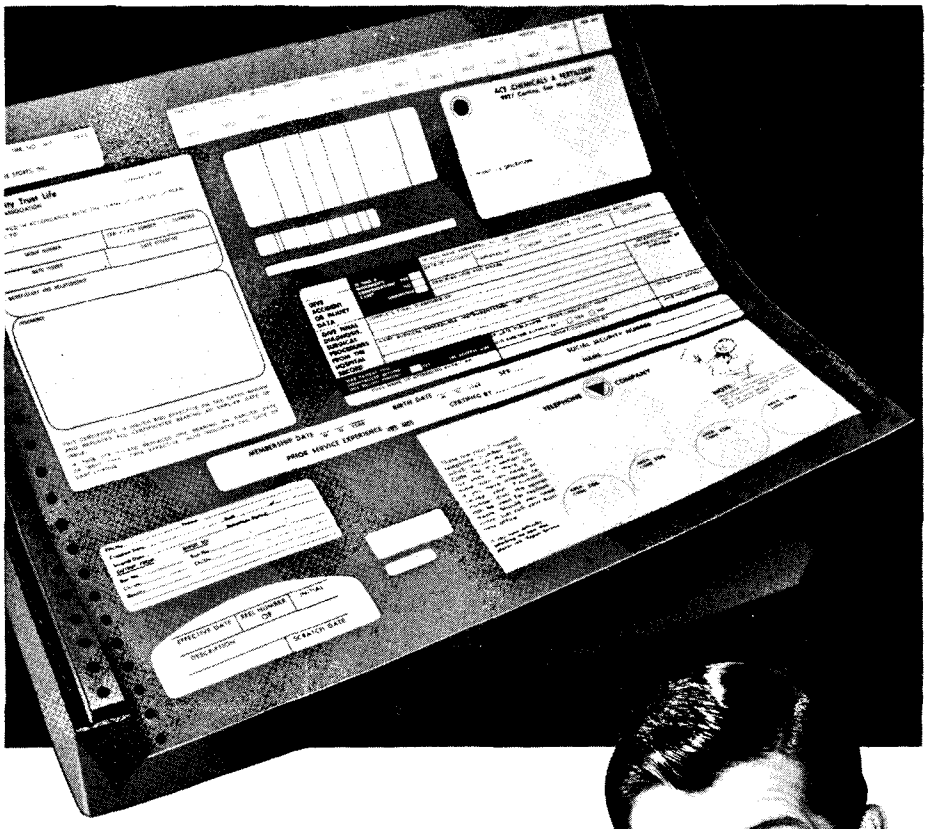

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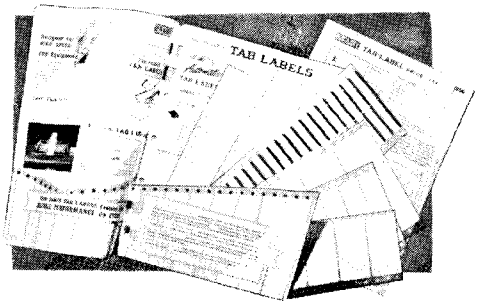

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Tacoma, Wash. NEAL GRENLEY

Bob Jones University, Mr. Kirk, is located at Greenville, South Carolina; not Dayton, Tenn. True, they do not turn out Ivy League intellectuals. But the sterling character of tested Christian and American virtues runs in the veins of practically all Bob Jones University graduates.

Perhaps this is why the reported firm preferred Bob Jones graduates to those of Harvard. And if this is mediocrity, would to God that we had more of it in America.

Benton, Iowa RAY BANNER

IRS and POAU

On August 10, 1965, your magazine ran an editorial, "IRS: Please Note." May we bring to your attention your inaccuracy in stating that the Internal Revenue is doing nothing in response to the crank letters complaining of our existence. We can assure you that our records and activities are regularly examined by the Internal Revenue Service.

Washington, D.C. FRANKLIN C. SALISBURY
General Counsel
Protestants and Other Americans United

Multiples of the Bore

W. H. von Dreele's piece in your June 29 issue, "Can-Do and the Computer," was amusing, but so erroneous that the point is lost. "Then along came a day when some PT boats shot at a U.S. destroyer, and all they had to shoot back with was ground-to-air missiles." For your information, the following is the *anti-air* armament available on these ships:

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(In present usage naval guns are identified by bore diameter and barrel length, the later being expressed in terms of multiples of the bore. Therefore, a 5″/54 has a 5″ bore and 270″ barrel. And so on.)

Both vessels are very good anti-submarine vessels and also are adept at nearly anything which falls to the lot of destroyers. This, of course, includes anti-surface patrols. Let me assure you that a few near-misses from a 5″ battery will raise hell with a cruiser, to say nothing of a wooden or aluminum-hull PT boat. A direct hit from the JOY's 3″ mount would sink the boat any ol' day.

JAMES L. KEYES
USS Bon Homme Richard
San Francisco, Calif.

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Among the Editorial Highlights of this 10th Anniversary Issue will be:

- ★ *A pre-publication, 50 page condensation of Jeffrey Hart's book on American Conservatism from 1955-1965, scheduled by Doubleday for January, 1966.*
- ★ *James Burnham's round-up of the present position of the Anti-Communist world.*
- ★ *Frank Meyer's crystallization of Principles and Heresies.*
- ★ *Will Herberg on Religion and The Conservative Ideal.*
- ★ *Hugh Kenner's Literary Art and The Right.*
- ★ *Colm Brogan on The Prospects for Conservatism in England.*
- ★ *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn on The Equilibrium in Europe.*
- ★ *Russell Kirk's Reflections of an Active Conservative.*
- ★ *Editor William F. Buckley, Jr.'s speech at the 10th Anniversary banquet for National Review.*
- ★ *A 10-page book section entitled "A Decade's Harvest", edited by Frank Meyer, reviewing the most important conservative books of the decade, 1955-1965.*

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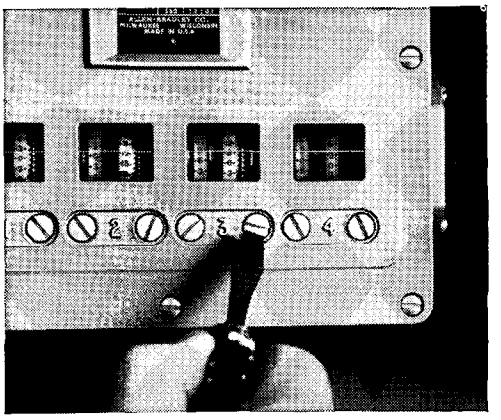

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The WEEK

● Unaccustomed as he is to speaking up for hard-line anti-Communism abroad, Hubert Humphrey nevertheless is doing very well in his speeches. And, unaccustomed as they are to applauding it, National Student Association delegates are doing just as well. The unlikely scene took place at Madison, Wis., where, while 42 pickets from the Committee to End the War in Vietnam screamed "Peace now!," 1,000 delegates rewarded the Vice President with a standing ovation when he said: "The right to be heard does not automatically include the right to be taken seriously," and, "I can promise you, we do not intend to just leave [Vietnam]." Said the delegates: "Rip 'em up, tear 'em up, give 'em hell, Hubert!" We are glad to second the motion. Go it, Hubert.

● "The white power structure has failed America—and so has the black leadership establishment. Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! They are both guilty!" Jackie Robinson, whose outburst this is (courtesy of the *New York Herald Tribune*'s editorial page), is very good at laying on the blame for the Watts district mess. Here are some of the guiltiest things: Goldwaterism, rats, high rents, bad schools, unemployment, the governor of California, the mayor of Los Angeles, the police chief of Los Angeles, Proposition 14, state and local government, lousy politicians, the lying press, white-skinned TV, white-skinned TV commercials, sopping the Negroes with a few top jobs, the white society not knowing that violence begets violence, the black society not willing to "face the fact that there was no victory, only defeat, for black and white people, for the American dream of life, lib—" and that's the end of the column. Now, Jackie, about that black leadership establishment . . . .

● In his latest appointment the President, as is his wont, let not his right hand know what his left hand doth. Even as he ordered the dispatch of new battalions, planes, and warships to the South China Sea, to the gnashing of teeth, he named Professor Charles Frankel of Columbia to be Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs—thus to be in charge of the manner in which we present, among other things, the Vietnam war to the peoples of the world. Professor Frankel is a Liberal's Liberal, one of the very ablest, indeed, of the Liberal ideologues, who in his *The Case for Modern [i.e., Liberal] Man* summed up his outlook in a declaration that makes a curious new motto for our global Educational and Cultural Affairs: "Our fear of Marxism, one cannot help but suspect, reflects our interest in it, a nagging feeling that it is one step ahead of us in providing what we all need—some sense of where we are going and how we are to get there."

● NASA's Chris Kraft, who met the press every day during the flight of Gemini 5, came close to losing his scientifically noncommittal cool the day reporter Bill Hines of the *Washington Star* sought to pin him with the unctuous charge that the Gemini experiment was more useful, now wasn't it, to the Department of Defense, than to world peace. "And why shouldn't it be?" Kraft shot back. "It's the country's money we're investing in research and development. And they can use it and that's fine!"

● Hope, on the other hand, does keep breaking in, notably when, notably often, the Pope himself declares the continuing hostility of "the Christian conscience" to the *Zeitgeist*. "Many Christians today too easily absorb the worldly ideas of their time. They think of them above all as new, especially when doubts, denials, utopian projects and ideologies are professed by strong and intelligent minds upheld by fashion, which is the great fascinator and fabricator of the gregarious."—Castel Gandolfo, Aug. 18.

● Richard Cardinal Cushing, on language difficulties at the Vatican (the *Montreal Gazette*, Aug. 14): "I'm no scholar. I have never earned a degree and when I go to the Ecumenical Council I don't know what in the name of God is going on." *Nom de Dieu! Même les grands esprits l'ignorent*, Your Eminence.

● Young Americans for Freedom, under attack by Senator William Fulbright as "extremist" for helping persuade Firestone Rubber Company not to build a plant in Rumania, has received a boost from Senator Strom Thurmond, who called YAF "an outstanding and patriotic organization which is dedicated to the best interests of this nation and the free world." Senator Thurmond also: noted that 39 members of Congress are members of the National Advisory Board of YAF; inserted the Sharon Statement, the group's statement of principles, into the *Congressional Record;* recited voluminous praise for YAF by the Freedoms Foundation, Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, Senator Mike Mansfield, Herbert Hoover; contrasted YAF members with the "irresponsible beatniks" of many leftist youth groups; and finally, demolished Senator Fulbright's accusation that YAF conspired with Goodyear to keep Firestone out of Rumania. This happens to be YAF's fifth anniversary, in celebration of which members from all over the country gathered in Washington this past weekend. ➔

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● Will Zambia (*née* Northern Rhodesia) beat the U.S.A. and the USSR to the moon? Not bloody likely, is the candid comment of Minister of Space Research Edward Kukuka Nkoloso, according to an AP story (Aug. 17) from Lusaka, which, to our knowledge, only the *Dothan* (Alabama) *Eagle* has seen fit to print. For one thing: money. Mr. Nkoloso wrote the UN asking for $19.6 million: No answer. He indicated he could use $1.9 billion from foreign private sources. No answers. But his main problem is personnel. Take Zambia's Space Girl No. 1—Matha Mwamba. She completed fifty hill rolls (training consists mainly in rolling down hills in oil drums and in Dr. Nkoloso's "special tree-swinging method of simulating space weightlessness"), got pregnant and went home to her family (oh those astronauts!). On top of that, two of Zambia's most promising astronauts "went on a drinking spree a month ago and haven't been seen since. . . . Another has joined a local tribal song and dance group. He says he makes more money that way." Then there's sabotage. Minister Nkoloso's one and only rocket was recently sabotaged by "foreign elements." But he's not bitter—or particularly discouraged. "If the Americans would like to join me in my space program," he says, "I'd be most happy. But only if it's understood that the Zambian flag goes up on the moon first!"

Welcome Back!

The prodigals have returned. They've been away for five years, wandering in a dreamland of revolution, and we had given them up for lost. They went away merrily marching to the tunes piped up by John Kennedy, who encouraged and nourished the dreams of revolution. Remember Kennedy puffing up the "revolution of rising expectations"? Remember, every time a new nation rose up, how he would welcome the brat, proclaiming bloodbrotherhood on the grounds that the United States, too, was a revolutionary country, born of bloody revolt?

Lyndon Johnson took over without missing a beat. He proposed to refashion American society according to his master plan, and only a few days ago he welcomed a group of young people at the White House with the salutation, "Fellow Revolutionaries!" In the early days of the Johnson reign, even the grubbiest picketers outside the White House gate were given hot coffee from the Presidential cuisine.

The late Adlai Stevenson called for revolutionary action of sorts, didn't he?—when he dreamed out loud before a college audience that it might some day be considered a credit to a man's record if he could show he had spent time in jail—in a good cause, of course. The mother of the governor of Massachusetts went to St. Augustine and did indeed get herself hauled off to jail, and photographed in stir, all of which earned her the admiration of the dreamy, and a lighthearted condonation from her son the ex-governor.

Came the riots.

Suddenly a sober Mr. Johnson pronounced the words Law And Order as if they were a legitimate concern of civilized people: no doubt Messrs. Stevenson and Kennedy would have come out on the side of law and order too if they had been here. Old Mr. Disobedience himself, the Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King Junior, came out for law and order on the fifth day of the riots. The action spread to Springfield, Massachusetts, and there was no elderly Mrs. Peabody sitting in jail any more, and her son came out for law and order.

Have our amateur revolutionaries been scared out of their day-dreams?

What's a Little War Between Friends?

According to the August 16 *U.S. News & World Report*, "Russia's Brezhnev and Kosygin have been informed by President Johnson that he believes in expanded trade and commercial relations between the Soviet Union and U.S. and hopes the war in Vietnam will not interfere with further 'normalization' of relations between the countries." A Moscow dispatch to the *New York Times* (August 8) elaborates the same point under the headlines: "U.S. Envoys Seek Soviet Contacts. Strive to See Russians at All Levels Despite Freeze." The text mentions Ambassador

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Fixing the Blame

When explanations are sought for the homicidal venom against the white race that asserted itself so bloodily in the Los Angeles riots, too little attention is paid to the legacy of hatred and disrespect for law these unpunished Southern murders and shootings leave in the steaming ghettos of every large city.

The New York Times

That's more like it! I got queasy
When the *Times* appeared uneasy
Over certain Angelenos
Who applauded their bambinos'
Stealing videos and toasters
From responsible West Coasters.
Were they pro-constabulary?
Had they read the book on Barry?
Not, apparently, as noted
In the paragraph I've quoted,
Since they say the reason's *Southern*
Angelenos failed to govern.

W. H. von Dreele

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Focus on WASHINGTON

The Federal Communications Commission continues to battle conservative and anti-Communist broadcasters. This was the role assigned it in the infamous Reuther Memorandum to the then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy—a document which set out in grisly detail ways and means to suppress all conservative thought and action through such instrumentalities as the FCC, the Internal Revenue Service, and other federal agencies. But the FCC remains benignly mute when openly pro-Communist material is given television airing by individuals of extremist left affiliation. A case in point has been *The Three Faces of Cuba*—an openly Castroite effusion which has been shown in the guise of "impartial" reporting by stations in making up the National Educational Television network. NET solicits the aid of those who wish to improve the quality of TV. The FCC, which roars so viciously at conservative programs, finds no reason to censure NET or threaten its member stations with loss of their licenses—the ploy suggested by Walter Reuther and his freedom gougers.

◆ Mr. Conrad Aiken, one of America's most distinguished living poets, gets little of the kudos and acclaim so lavishly awarded to the members of the Literary Establishment. The reason is, of course, that Mr. Aiken has refused all along to play the left-wing game of literature's satraps. This refusal was underscored in a letter published this week in the *Washington Post*. Mr. Aiken gently reproves Robert Lowell for his "almost unforgivable and certainly misguided" refusal to accept a White House invitation because of disagreements on foreign policy. He took issue with those people who were given the impression by the press that the Lowell position on foreign policy was shared by a majority of American writers. "The *New York Times* called me, read me Mr. Lowell's letter [to President Johnson], and asked me if I would endorse a statement backing Mr. Lowell," Conrad Aiken writes. "When I declined, saying that I was in complete disagreement with Mr. Lowell, and completely in agreement with the [foreign] policies of the President, and offered them permission to quote me to that effect, they declined." In short, the *New York Times* set itself up as an advocate of Robert Lowell, to the extent of suppressing the opinions of a poet of equal importance.

◆ The Administration is pushing hard for revolutionary labor legislation which will eventually allow every wage earner full pay indefinitely whether he works or not. Labor Secretary W. Willard Wirtz has already enunciated his philosophy—that no one should be considered employed unless he is working at the job his little heart desires, whether that job be President of the United States, Hollywood star, or chairman of the board of any company you may name. Now Undersecretary of the Treasury Joseph W. Barr has defended a provision in President Johnson's unemployment insurance bill, which would add 26 weeks of federal payments to those now handed out by the states. This guaranteed annual wage, as it is accurately described by Rep. John W. Byrnes (R., Wis.), has little to do with the possible needs of the unemployed. The Treasury sees it as a guarantee of full purchasing power, whether or not there is commensurate productivity.

◆ A great deal of humbug has marked the debate on "home rule" for the District of Columbia. Washington Liberals have tried to make it an issue of voting rights; conservatives have invoked the Constitution. The simple fact, never frankly uttered, is that raw politics is the motivating force. If Washington gets home rule, its city government will be 100 per cent in the hands of Joseph W. Rauh Jr. and the Americans for Democratic Action wing of the Democratic Party, the group that controls the District's Negro bloc vote. The importance of that vote may be seen from the following official statistics for the District of Columbia:

Population: 61 per cent Negro
School population: 87.6 per cent Negro
School teachers: 76.4 per cent Negro
D. C. Government employees: 52 per cent Negro
Owner-occupied homes: 47.7 per cent Negro, of a total of 75,500

—CATO

Kohler's tireless attempts at ingratiation, in the face of unremitting coldness from the Russians. Our delegates have made only the gentlest replies at the on-again Geneva disarmament conference, to the trumpeted denunciations of all things American by Soviet delegate Tsarapkin. Our track teams journey to Kiev; our universities continue to welcome Soviet students and scientists; our theaters present Soviet dancers and musicians; the President, since the beginning (February 7) of the stepped-up war in Southeast Asia, has not once attacked or even criticized the Soviet Government—his criticisms have been directed against Peking alone, with an occasional mild reproof of Hanoi for not breaking loose from Peking.

Make no mistake about it: this—peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union, permitting gradual convergence—is the line, war or no war. It is not theoretically inconceivable that this should be the correct and fruitful line. *If* it is true that the Sino-Soviet split is the key factor in world politics; *if* the Soviet Union therefore seeks a weakening of the power of Red China; *if* coddling is the most effective way to get the Soviet Government to be friendly and cooperative; and *if* that cooperation will aid us in settling the Vietnamese war in a manner consistent with our national interest, *then* the line toward the Kremlin is exactly right. But alas, parallel columns in the same editions that record our friendly overtures give the accounts, also, of what Moscow actually does do, in response, in relation to the Vietnamese war—

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our supreme and decisive current problem. It is Moscow, not Peking, that supplies Hanoi with the ground-to-air missiles and other anti-aircraft installations that shoot our planes down; that supplies all the North Vietnamese planes and trains the men who fly them; that ships in the medicines, technical equipment and much of the armament that enables the Vietcong to kill our soldiers; that uses every public forum to denounce us as imperialist criminals and murderers, and to demand our capitulating retreat; that orders its agents in this and every country to stir up hatred of us, and to sabotage and defeat our endeavors.

The State Department has sold the President this coexistence-convergence line toward Moscow as a sharp Machiavellian device for exploiting divisions in the enemy camp to our purpose. In practice it is, more and more, tripping up our war effort by tying *us* in knots.

Pound and Dollar

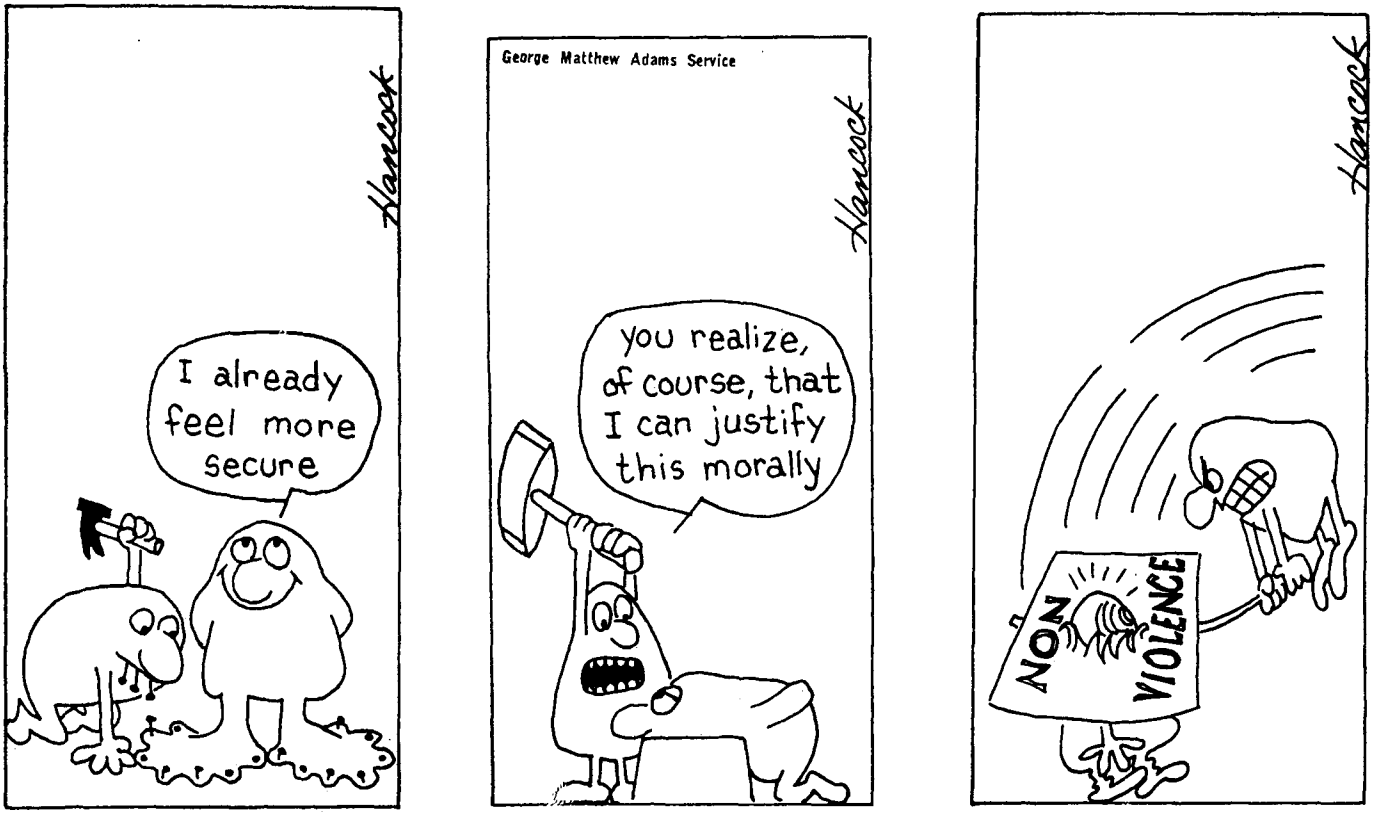
The news that Britain's payments deficit in July was down one-third from the June level gave a moment of cheer to headline writers and monetary optimists. But a deficit, even when cut to the bone, remains something other than a surplus, and it is a long string of monthly surpluses that Britain needs in order to remove the pound sterling from the critical list.

But, instead of surpluses, the pound now enters its seasonal slump. London has to pay for the Rhodesian tobacco crop and the wheat harvests in Australia and Canada; British tourists scatter pounds in foreign lands. A year ago Britain had to borrow billions in order to get through the autumn (and the election) without devaluation, and the same must be done this year.

Must be, but will it be? There are strong signals from the Continent that Britain cannot count on heavy loans any more, and Washington is no tower of strength either. The U.S. is borrowing foreign currencies to support the dollar; if its lenders are hesitant about sterling, why would they lend to sterling indirectly through the dollar? Nevertheless Washington has given its pledge to defend the pound. It is very much like exhausting our credit in order to support the monetary mismanagement and economic folly of English socialists.

In September, the annual convention of the British labor unions will come to pass, and it is the common expectation that they will call for gaudy wage hikes. In defiance of the "guides" published by the Wilson regime, unions have been striking for, and getting, fancy wage hikes already. The cost of living has been rising in Britain this year at a rate of 6.6 per cent. The Labor regime can hardly be expected to clamp down on the unions that alone will keep them in office.

For the pound and for the dollar too, it is going to be a nervous period, commencing now and ending when the U.S. and Britain both have ended their payments deficits. And no one dares predict when that may be.



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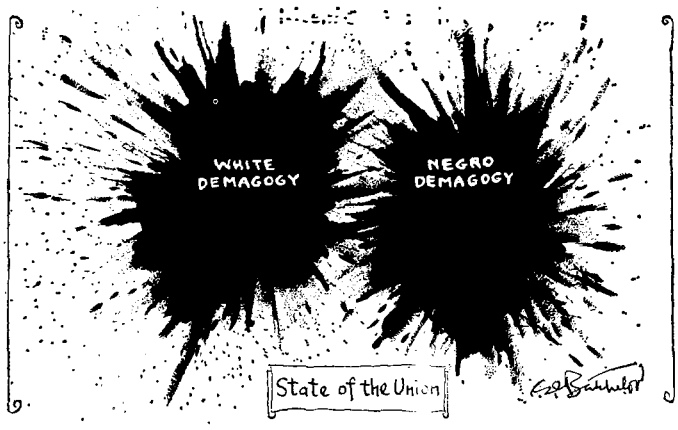

La Question?

There is some reason to doubt that President Charles de Gaulle will run again. The question may be answered week after next when de Gaulle has scheduled a press conference: it will certainly have to be answered by mid-October since the election is set for December. These are the reasons why there is cause to believe the French President may retire from the race, presumably in favor of Prime Minister Georges Pompidou:

1) Despite propaganda and news stories to the contrary, de Gaulle is a sick man. His eyesight is almost gone. He suffers frightening lapses of memory. He has been undergoing a series of medical examinations this summer to determine whether he should assume the burdens of the presidency for another seven years.

2) Will de Gaulle be willing to risk his prestige at the ballot box given these data? In the 1962 presidential referendum (the last) he received only one third of the votes. His UNR (Union of the New Republic) got the most seats in the last parliamentary election, but won only five out of eighteen million votes. Gaullist candidates fared badly in this spring's mayoral elections. A rejection, or anything short of a landslide vote, would be a shock to de Gaulle's concept of himself as the personification of France over the past 25 years.

3) Major blocs of voters are almost certain to oppose him: industrial workers in the north who were hurt by the lengthy mine strikes of 1963; individuals who favor the Atlantic Alliance and the Common Market; those who have grown alarmed at increasing government interference in both agriculture and industry; the Algerian exiles; opponents of the *force de frappe*.

This does not mean, of course, that if de Gaulle chooses to run he will not be elected, and with votes to spare. But these factors combined might be enough to persuade him that the risk is not worth *la chandelle*.

Historical Footnote

"Permit me to predict that the next Bad Man in International Politics will be General Nguyen Cao Ky, the new premier of South Vietnam." (Wm. F. Buckley, syndicated column, July 5, 1965.)

"James A. Wechsler writes today on Page 26 about an almost unreported remark of Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, the new Prime Minister of South Vietnam. The *London Sunday Mirror* quotes Ky as saying: 'People ask me who my heroes are. I have only one—Hitler.'" (*New York Post*, July 13, 1965.)

"'It goes without saying,' today's statement [from the South Vietnam Government] said, that Marshal Ky was 'inaccurately reported . . . Vice Marshal Ky's admiration does not go to Hitler the dictator, warmonger, and Nazi, but rather to the leader who, in the 1930s, by sheer energy and dynamism, was able to build the unity of Germany, a country then divided.'" (*New York Times*, Aug. 6, 1965.)

(Historical footnote: "We cannot tell whether Hitler will be the man who will once again let loose upon the world another war . . . or whether he will go down in history as the man who restored honor and peace of mind to the great Germanic nation and brought it back serene, helpful and strong, to the forefront of the European family circle." Winston Churchill, 1935.)

Interested in the N.Y. Mayoralty Race?

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On the Right

Mr. Goodwin's Great Society

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mr. Richard Goodwin's attempt a couple of weeks ago to explain the meaning of The Great Society deserves more attention than it has gotten because indeed it was, as the *New York Times* said, "the most sophisticated and revealing commentary to date."

Buckley

Mr. Goodwin is the bright young thing inherited by President Johnson from President Kennedy. He rose to prominence from the ashes of the Bay of Pigs as an expert, nobody knew exactly why, in Latin American affairs. It is he who reputedly conceived the idea of the Alliance for Progress, and who paused at a meeting of the Organization of American States in 1961 at Punta del Este to chat with Che Guevara, causing the eyebrows to lift in all the chancelleries of the world. He could get away with that kind of thing because he is very young, and his brashness is one of his most engaging weapons. At one point he is said to have overdone it with JFK, who put him in the deep freeze, whence he emerged, leaving Latin America to Thomas Mann, as big-thinker for Lyndon Johnson.

Slogan, Not Answer

I do not mean to sound disrespectful of Mr. Goodwin, because I am not. I merely fear him. His concept of the Great Society is as authentic as anybody's because he is suspected (see for instance Theodore White's *The Making of a President*) of having invented the confounded thing, whose principal exegete he logically is.

The key phrase, for cryptographers who desire to learn the meaning of the Society that is supposed to shape our future, is the following, which you will see repeated time after time: "The Great Society is concerned not with the quantity of our goods but the quality of our lives." The phrase has that dreadful sing-song assonance built on quasi-antitheses which is the hallmark of New Frontier rhetoric ("We must not negotiate out of fear, but we must not fear to negotiate").

Notwithstanding that it is evolving more as a slogan than as an answer to the riddle of humanity, what it does mean is that the Government of the United States, under Lyndon Johnson, proposes to concern itself over the quality of American life. And this is something very new in the political theory of free nations. The quality of life has heretofore depended on the quality of the human beings who gave tone to that life, and they were its priests and poets, not its bureaucrats.

'Spurring' the People On

Mind you, Mr. Goodwin realizes that the growth in the quantity of government (and, I might add, the corresponding diminution in its quality) in the generation since it began coming out of the walls, has led to the disturbing phenomenon of a sense of individual impotence. The American people, Mr. Goodwin realizes, feel sort of useless, and even a little afraid. Thus the Great Society must "ensure our people the environment, the capacities, and the social structures which will give them a meaningful chance to pursue their individual happiness."

But happiness, Mr. Goodwin implies, is that state of mind that is reached when objective social conditions are so ordered as to entice us in the desired direction. One recalls the complaint of Mr. Arthur Schlesinger ten years ago, when he fretted over the general satisfaction with the Administration of President Dwight Eisenhower, about our "absent discontents," and the necessity to stimulate them back into existence. Just so Mr. Goodwin finds that it is "not only the task of leadership to solve these problems. It is, even more importantly, to alert our people to their nation's difficulties, to make them aware of what is going wrong, and to spur them into action or the support of action." We are to be spurred—by government—to support such action as conduces to our happiness. (What big words you use, Grandma. It used to be that the people needed to be "persuaded." Then we talked about "engineering" consent. Now we are to "spur" the people on.)

GS Slow in Coming

Lest the sound evoke the old fears of monster government, Mr. Goodwin confesses the need for the restoration of community responsibility. "As we advance we will inevitably place more and more emphasis on local responsibility. . . . Only in this way can we give Americans the chance to look to their own efforts for the enrichment of their own life. The very process of looking to others damages the chance for individual action which will give fuller meaning to our lives." In the few weeks since Mr. Goodwin wrote those words, the Great Society has sought to deprive the local communities a) of the right to set their own voting rights standards, b) of the right to allow a man to work without joining a union, and c) of the right to veto poverty projects if the governor finds them badly designed for that state.

As he looks about him, Mr. Goodwin is a little bit despondent at the dearth of ideas on just how to structure a society which will give every individual that happiness over the quality of himself that the Great Society expects of him. "Today, with the exception of a few men—men like Ken Galbraith, and Michael Harrington and Paul Goodman" creative American society simply isn't coming through.

Thus Mr. Goodwin names a sort of cultural-economic dirigiste, a doctrinaire socialist, and an oddball anarchist as the voices of freshness. And so Mr. Goodwin concedes it will take a long time before the Great Society is finally established; which is very good news for all of us living today.

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The Third World War

Knots of Our Own Tying

JAMES BURNHAM

Some years ago I spent an evening in Bombay with a dozen or so Indian politicians, businessmen and journalists. One of them, who had been pro-Soviet in the general conversation, spoke to me apart just before the party broke up. Actually (he said in substance) I much prefer Western civilization to Communism. But I believe the West is on the way out, and what has convinced me of this is the Western attitude toward the atom bomb. Atom bombs are a logical, inevitable product of the inner history of Western civilization. Instead of accepting its nuclear achievement with rejoicing and pride, the West has shrunk away from it in guilt and fear. In this response the West is repudiating itself.

Burnham

In reflecting on the Vietnam war I have recalled this commentary. The point my philosophic Indian was making is not limited to atom bombs. These were only the most recent expression of the West's spectacular "harnessing of the forces of nature" by application of a science risen out of the deepest roots of Western civilization. And he was saying that a loss of confidence in science and technology, an unwillingness to use the products of scientific technology on behalf of its own purposes, signified a decay of the West's will to survive.

Let me narrow the problem down to warfare—though other fields are equally in question. With what instruments and methods are Western countries going to fight?—for they must fight, now and then, in order to survive. More specifically, how is the United States going to fight in Southeast Asia?

The U.S. cannot put primary reliance on manpower, because it is too vastly outnumbered. On an exotic terrain Americans cannot expect to match tactical intricacies with an enemy thoroughly at home. The most effective way for Americans to fight is presumably by utilizing to the maximum the resources and methods that are peculiarly their own, and in which they excel: an unparalleled industrial plant and administrative flair.

In the past century American military operations (including the North's operations in the Civil War) have not been noted for tactical subtlety or strategic novelty. The usual American method has been the steamroller's: to assemble overwhelming firepower and flatten the opposition. Two million tons of naval craft and 500 airplanes join to take a small Pacific island. Marshall and Eisenhower wait an extra year to bring the odds on smashing through Europe close to certainty. In sending three times the probably necessary force to Santo Domingo, Lyndon Johnson was in the American tradition. So also was Truman when he ordered A-bombs dropped, and so are the Marines when they wipe out houses from which the enemy fire has been coming.

The American Mode

To fight on American terms in Vietnam would mean to exploit the most advanced equipment our technology can turn out, and to bring to bear massive, crushing concentrations of power. The helicopter has been put to creative use—and without it the Vietcong would probably have won by now—but we have done nothing with the chemical, biological and nuclear devices at our disposal, and have failed to develop new instruments such as the air-cushion vehicle ("hovercraft") that seems so well adapted to the Vietnamese paddies and rivers. These are the sort of arms that issue naturally out of our way of life, that the Vietcong, North Vietnamese and Chinese cannot match. Might not an incapacitating gas prove the perfect method for flushing the Vietcong out of those villages *without* killing our friends or destroying their houses? Considered objectively, isn't this present Vietnam war a made-to-order theater for using, without risk of catastrophic counter-action, some of our multitudinous array of nuclear devices? Should we not, rationally, *want* to exorcise the nuclear taboo that operates, on net, so heavily against us? In discussing Korea, MacArthur stated the possibility of a radioactive barrier created by cobalt device. If this is indeed possible, what better way to seal off the Vietcong from their essential sanctuary?

What's All the Shooting For?

It is a question not only of what weapons to use but of what to do with them. If the Administration's theory is true that the Vietcong rests on support from North Vietnam, then it must be an objective to force North Vietnam out of the struggle. The current target restrictions are therefore irresponsible: they make achievement of the objective impossible. It is harrowing to read of five Navy jets downed on a trivial mission against a few trucks and minor bridges; militarily, such missions are not serious. To stop Hanoi's revolutionary aggression it is necessary to direct massive force against critical targets and to clamp on a blockade.

The ambivalence in our present military program only expresses the primary ambivalence in the President's political perspective. Mr. Johnson, having responded to the Southeast Asian challenge intuitively, viscerally—much as Harry Truman responded to the Greek and Korean challenges—seems to have no reasoned idea why we are there or what, exactly, we seek. This is why—as he plaintively notes—no one is satisfied with the repeated attempts at explanation he and his spokesmen vainly reiterate. And what *does* he believe we should be seeking? "A military stalemate that will lead to a negotiated settlement" (as James Reston put it August 23)? But what is the meaning, even, of "stalemate" in a guerrilla war? And what gain worth fighting for is there in a negotiated pseudo-settlement, Laos-style? The President could have got that without paying a drop of American blood.

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Letter from the Continent

The Greek Crisis

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Greece's young King Constantine may have committed a tactical error in his country's recent crisis, but it is difficult if not impossible to condemn him for having forced the issue. Surgery if really urgent cannot be delayed—even if it is not as good as one could wish.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Though ancient Greece laid the foundations of Western objectivity and rationality, the people of Greece never developed a liking for permanence or cold reasoning. As in every Mediterranean country an extremist position is considered more honorable than a moderate one.

After the Communist conquest of Greece in 1945, liberation was a tough task. Only thanks to Belgrade's break with Moscow was it possible to overwhelm the Communist bands in the high mountains of the North. Numerous Greeks, without being precisely Communists, were involved in the ELAS forces, which now have found a haven in the leftist EDA Party. The "Center Union" under former Prime Minister Papandreou was actually a left-of-center party which received and still receives active EDA support. Last year it defeated the long-lived National Party Government of Constantine Karamanlis, under whose administration the country had begun a gradual rise toward economic prosperity.

Greece is a desperately poor country, lacking all important raw materials and, like Switzerland, able to grow only with outside aid. Like Switzerland too, Greece depends a good deal on tourism; one source of income Switzerland does not have lies in the ever-growing number of Greeks working abroad (especially in Germany) and sending their paychecks home. At home, skilled labor is increasingly in demand, and the agriculture, which has long had to contend with antiquated methods and the barrenness of the soil, will soon have the benefit of atomic-powered water pumps. Under Karamanlis, roads were being built linking remote villages with large urban centers, and living standards were improving. They did not immediately improve for everybody, however. A suddenly expanded middle class, new and uneven prosperity, an envious egalitarianism—all these fed a paradoxical bitterness toward the government. The social unrest that is always a feature of rapidly prospering societies (*i.e.*, France before 1789, Russia before 1917, Germany before 1914) now began to plague Greece. Everybody wanted to be in front; whoever did not get ahead fast enough blamed his neighbor or the government. The consequence was a more powerful political leftism, and the fall of the Karamanlis Government.

King Kept to Constitution

Papandreou—whose Union is an agglomeration of various parties, some sincerely liberal and democratic, others less so—had tried to establish himself in permanent power. In a country like Greece permanence in a government can only be achieved through control of the army, and it was Papandreou's son Andreas, also a member of the Cabinet, who started to gather a group of officers "friendly" to his father in a secret organization whose initials spell the word *Aspida*, in modern Greek "shield." Papandreou also began to bring the Union entirely under his sway by gradually eliminating (especially from the Cabinet) all those he could not trust absolutely. The Führer principle revolted the more moderate elements within the Union but EDA lent outside moral support.

The crisis came to a head when the legendary Colonel Grivas of Cyprus fame, and a man loyal to king and country, uncovered the *Aspida* conspiracy and informed the King. Papandreou planned a counterblow by trying to purge the army of officers opposing him. He especially wanted to get rid of Yennimatas, the Chief of the General Staff. Yet his own Minister of Defense Garoufalias, more loyal to the army than to his political boss, rejected Papandreou's orders and even refused to resign. Thereupon the Premier excluded him from the party. At this moment the King intervened, dismissed the War Minister and Papandreou with him, and asked Athanasiadis-Novas (also a member of the Union) to form a new cabinet. All this he carried out in accordance with the Constitution, and with the aid of Papandreou's personal enemies in the Union. These men Papandreou speedily denounced as traitors and asked the "people" to rise against the government and reinstate him. Behind Papandreou and the EDA (whether he realizes it or not) is the Soviet Union, Greek Communism, and the concerted effort to take Greece out of NATO and transform her into a "neutralist" power.

In the present Greek crisis we see a perfect though tragic interplay between ideological forces, the mad striving for prestige, and personal ambition. For the King, whom the extreme Left accuses of acting under American pressure, this is a skin game. His racial background is North European, he has not a drop of Greek blood, and is the first "King of the Hellenes" to speak Greek without a trace of accent. His dynasty has already been three times in exile. Yet, young as he is, he knows that Greece cannot be run the Scandinavian way and that to allow free play to ideological fanaticism and the ambition of hard old men would be to ruin the country in no time. The history of the Greek Republic reads like the history of the Portuguese Republic before Salazar. The King may emerge as the loser in this game, but he will have chosen to take a stand rather than go down without a fight. And Papandreou in the meantime will have had the chance to show whether he is a patriot or just a politician wounded in his *amour propre*. Not only Greece, but all of Europe anxiously awaits the outcome.

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The Wall: Three Years Later

Peter Lohman didn't get a divorce. But he might as well have. He made the mistake of sleeping in East Berlin the night before the Wall went up . . .

E. von KUEGELGEN

On August 13, 1962, I returned to Berlin for the first time in seventeen years. The last time I had been there was in March 1945, one month before it was stormed by the Red Army. On that day, we could hear cannons rumbling in Frankfurt an der Oder—not so far away—and rumor was rampant that fighting in the city's outskirts was imminent. It was sheer coincidence that we arrived in Berlin on the first anniversary of the overnight raising of the Wall that divides the city, but it made my first return there a significant one for me. To be sure, this time there was no cannon rumbling in the distance; but there was anxiety in the air, a restlessness that many feared could erupt into demonstrations, even violence. Once again I felt that I was sharing in the somber fate of the city. And before I left Berlin again, the boy Peter Fechter was shot down at the Wall in his desperate escape attempt and left to bleed to death in the street, while people on both sides watched and did nothing.

The Fechter story, was of course, a sensational one that filled the newspapers of the entire free world, arousing emotions and indignation everywhere; and the American press has faithfully reported these conspicuous tragedies. But there remain the countless unrecorded numbers who have been shot down, or caught; and so it also goes, that the whole world hears about a Fechter, while the fate of my friend Peter Lohman and the thousands like him goes unnoticed.

Peter Lohman is now 77 and not only very feeble, but suffering from loss of memory as well. His business happened to be located in East Berlin, and, on the evening of August 12, 1961, feeling unwell, he decided not to undertake the long trip home to the Western sector. In the morning he was trapped behind the Wall and has remained there ever since. Under the new "relaxations," he was recently allowed to spend two weeks with his family in West Berlin. The elevator in his old West Berlin apartment house is broken. Lohman is unable to climb the four flights of stairs, and instead of being a joy, his visit turned out to be an ordeal. In East Berlin they long ago pushed him out of his business; his reserves have been used up; and now, because he is old and finished, they are trying to put him out of his two rooms there. His wife Livia is 70 and gets no welfare aid in West Berlin because her daughter earns "too much" and can support her—(she earns less than $200 a month). Peter Lohman is not eligible for any pension at all in West Berlin. (In East Berlin he presently receives a monthly pension of 138 East German marks, or $35.) "What a predicament these years of forced divided living have put us in," sighs Livia. "Come what may," Peter Lohman keeps writing, "I shall move to West Berlin." "He will be a beggar," his wife says sadly.

No 'Easing Up'

My landlady was the proverbial Berlin landlady who has "seen better days." She was also loquacious, and within an hour I learned that she, too, had been cut off from her only surviving relative, a 72-year-old sister. The sister had recently applied for a four-week pass to West Berlin and was expected any day. I asked my landlady if she didn't feel that things were easing up, becoming more flexible. She looked puzzled and surprised by such a question and said, "No. Nothing is easing up. And the Wall will never disappear. The old people? East Germany is only too eager to get rid of them. They want the housing the old people take up—living space and food are wasted on them. Get rid of them, let West Berlin worry about feeding them and paying their pensions!" Furthermore, she went on, when she visited her sister at Christmas time in 1963, East Berlin was stocked with previously unheard-of food supplies—"for window dressing, to make a good impression on us." Only the East Berlin Sector had such extra provisions, she said, but not the Zone, and she added, "Do you think the Communists are going to be able to keep up this kind of catering to East Berlin in the long run?"

In subsequent weeks I had several opportunities to confirm her statement about East Berlin's "window dressing" and found that it held true not only for food, but for clothing and other goods as well. Wherever I listened, the story was the same: years of waiting for miserable quality at outrageous prices. In a town I visited in the heart of the Zone, a consignment of oranges was rationed out to the children for Christmas. But few families with children had the money to afford the oranges.

Twenty years of Communist rule—more time than Hitler had—have not beaten the East Germans down, and Ulbricht must have his Wall or face another mass exodus. More than anyone else, the East Germans long for reunification, and will go on longing for it, until the last vestiges of democratic persuasions have died out, and, as in Russia, only generations that have never been permitted to know anything else will be living. Inevitably, this must take many more years. As of now, nearly one-fifth of the East German population is over 65—5 per cent higher than that of West Germany. (In Saxony, the figure for 1963 was 32 pensioners for every 100 wage earners.) It is a statistical fact that the high percentage of the old will increase still further—until 1974. Old people have

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been systematically evicted from their dwellings, especially after the death of husband or wife, under the pretext that the home is now "too big." On the other hand, vacancies for the steadily growing number of pensioners in existing old-age homes are utterly inadequate.

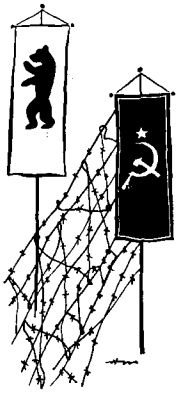
Psychological Problems

After so long a period of complete separation, the fact that the aged can now visit or permanently join their West Berlin families has created grave psychological problems. For instance, a not inconsiderable number of old people have come, and keep on coming, to stay with their children who, more often than not, live in crowded quarters, probably with several small children who are restless and noisy. The new arrival, sometimes too aged and too estranged to adjust readily, and accustomed to a quiet life without racket and pandemonium, often cannot take the hubbub and chooses to return to East Berlin and the tranquility of the old routine. All kinds of other psychologically understandable reasons exist why oldsters often elect to go back, which the Communists are quick to exploit for their propaganda. There have been instances of old ladies visiting the plentifully-stocked West Berlin stores with their daughters or daughters-in-law, who burst out with a sudden paradoxical bitterness: "Well, *we* certainly never saw such luxuries!" Mutual resentment builds up and the old person settles for the East again. So it was that, after eight days of constant wrangling, my poor landlady's sister took the 50 West German marks presented by West Berlin to every Eastern visitor (theoretically to defray his expenses), spent them on a pair of shoes, and came home to announce that she was returning that day to East Berlin.

There are 43 kilometers of East Berlin sector border. Many occupants of houses at the border have been expelled by force, and small summer cottages and valuable forests close to the border have been demolished to make room for a wide, leveled death strip.

The odious significance of the death strip was brought home to me with powerful impact. I undertook one day to look up two young girls, East Berlin university students, whom I did not know personally, but had been asked to contact by a friend. They met me, one Sunday afternoon, at the Friedrichstrasse crossing and we went to a café where we sat and talked for three hours. They are charming, highly intelligent girls—cheerless and disheartened by their realization that they are, as they put it, "growing stupid" for lack of hearing, seeing, or reading nothing but what the Communists dish out. They feel that the world is passing them by. Suzanne was the one whose fate shocked me so. The house she lives in with her mother and an older brother and sister, in an East Berlin suburb, fell within the 500-meter-wide death strip. It is one of the houses that were not torn down, and it is now hemmed in by barbed wire in front as well as in back.

On her identification card Suzanne has a stamp marking her as a resident of this area, which she may leave or enter only at one specific point, showing her identification card to the Vopo standing guard. No one may visit her or her family in their home —except under very special circumstances, in which case the visitor must apply for an official pass, which may take days to be issued, and may or may not be granted. Moreover, *only* East Germans may apply. West Germans are automatically excluded, and Suzanne's own grandmother, who is a West German, could not stay with them in their home during a visit. When they need a doctor in the house, only a doctor who has a permanent pass for the death strip may come. The same goes for a plumber, carpenter or other repairman if something breaks down. From the center of Berlin Suzanne used to be able to reach her home in half an hour on the S-Bahn. Now she has to travel two hours, skirting the entire Western Sector.



Suzanne told me of a family friend, a doctor whose house is situated on the shore of one of the lakes where the border runs right through the middle of the lake. The doctor enjoys swimming, and he owns a sailboat and loves his sailing. When the death strip was made, barbed wire was simply strung along his entire shoreline, and now the sailboat lies on the other side and cannot be sailed anymore. His patients may no longer come to his house for consultation. Obviously, such a house can never be sold—for who would buy it? It is hard to decide which people within this strip have suffered more: those who were driven away and their houses torn down, or those who are forced to go on living inside them. In any case, Suzanne is only nineteen years old, but her handsome, sensitive face is one of the saddest I have ever seen.

Few people in the East German Zone have ever been near the Wall, and they hear only the ceaseless propaganda monotone that the Wall is a "Wall of Peace," that it is the West which turns it into leverage for warmongering, and that it had to be put up to keep this warmongering from infiltrating the peace-loving German Democratic Republic. (On my trip deep into the Zone I was astonished that my acquaintance there had actually expected a mutual West Berlin friend of ours to come along. When I explained that *no* West Berliner was permitted into the Zone, she was bewildered and plainly astounded by this fact.) Now, old people from the Zone, visiting their West Berlin families, see the Wall for the first time. Their shock and stupefaction at the offensive barricade are glaringly evident.

The reactions of many foreigners are stronger still. There was the group of Indonesians who had been studying in Moscow and who came to Berlin flatly declaring that the Wall had been erected by the West. An acquaintance of mine, the head of West Berlin's Informations Zentrum, finding it impossible to convince the Indonesians, finally telephoned the West Berlin police to find out where some repair work was being done on the Wall. Not until the Indonesians saw uniformed East Germans working on it, under the guard of machinegun-armed Vopos, did the Indonesians change their minds. I asked my acquaintance what their reactions were. "Shattering," he said. "They wept."

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The New American Revolution

The New Left is solidifying ideologically as a revolutionary force. Here, from our own espionage agent, is a progress report

PHILIP A. McCOMBS

Washington at midsummer is a happy city. It is green, flushed with warmth, relaxed. Families stroll the Mall, fill the museums. There are baseball games in the Ellipse, pretty girls in the parks. Children gulp pop and their parents stare at statues.

The peaceniks descended like a locust plague. Buses came from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Tennessee, cars from California. No one would rent them an assembly hall, so for the entire weekend they used Lafayette Park and the Washington Monument grounds. Calling themselves the Assembly of Unrepresented People, they distributed thousands of pamphlets and newspapers. They left a trail of hotdog wrappers, leaflets, paper cups. It did not matter to them, however, because the Washington Monument and the rest were only "those *things*," devoid of significance. Policemen joked about the group. One had seen peaceniks swimming in the filthy tidal basin near the Monument. His comment: "Now the fish will die."

They came, 1,000 strong, on the twentieth anniversary of Hiroshima. They were against, principally, the Vietnam war. The Declaration of Conscience, which they sought to present in person to the President, declared "our conscientious refusal to cooperate with the United States Government in the prosecution of the war in Vietnam." It said: "Those of us who are subject to the draft ourselves declare our own intention to refuse to serve. . . We shall encourage the development of other non-violent acts, including acts which involve civil disobedience, in order to stop the flow of American soldiers and munitions to Vietnam and other countries." More than 5,000 people had signed it. The Declaration of Peace, which they sought to read *en masse* in the chamber of the House of Representatives, said: "Because the Congress of the United States, without adequate discussion, has permitted the waging of an undeclared war, we symbolically assume its responsibility for this day in the name of those people of the United States and of the world who oppose this war, and declare peace with the people of Vietnam."

They were against a lot of other things, too. They grouped and marched under a cloud of signs: "End the Dirty War Now," "Refuse to Pay Taxes for War," "Would Christ Carry a Draft Card?" As they marched, they clapped and chanted: "Two, four, six, eight, we don't want a fascist state," "Say hey, LBJ, how many children did you kill today?" "Do we like fascist cops? Hell *no*, hell *no*, hell *no*!" They sang: "We ain't gonna study war no more," "Oh, there's napalm in that land, we're on fire," "Just like a tree that's standing by the water, we shall not be moved." And, of course, "We shall overcome." At one point, some lighthearted soul sang:

> Oh, it's sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb,
> For the last one did in brother Tom. . .

I joined their ranks, rode from New York to Washington on one of their buses, vigiled and picketed, took part in seminars and group discussions, chatted informally, made friends. I watched the arrests closely.

Some things I did not do: I did not eat at Fellowship House, as many of them did, or smoke marijuana and wear rings in my ears, as some of them did. I did not shout obscenities at the Lincoln Memorial. I did not bring my sleeping bag and sleep with them on church floors. When I got tired of the Revolution I stepped onto the nearest bus and scooted to my hotel for a hot shower and large doses of televised Bogart. And I could not bring myself—although press credentials would have allowed it without fear of arrest—to actually sit-in at the White House driveway. But they sat-in, because they chose to, and went without hot showers and televised Bogart, because they chose to. They were arrested because they wanted to be arrested, to make their witness, as they put it, for the end of a system in which they feel they have no significant voice.

Dramatis Personae

The bus I rode from New York to Washington was chartered by the Committee for Non-Violent Action (CNVA), an Assembly sponsor. Next to me sat a young girl. She knitted calmly and explained how she went limp when arrested at Berkeley. Directly in front sat two homosexuals, pawing one another. To the right was a beautiful girl with her boyfriend, a clean-shaven, witty Jewish poet. In front of them sat a distinguished-looking professor. Behind, a discussion raged as to the exact nature of the pacifist commitment, to wit: should a true pacifist wear a button? The poet and beautiful girl pawed one another, too. They cuddled up and whispered sweet little obscenities.

The great majority of the Unrepresented were northeastern college students. There was a smattering of professors, ministers, and housewives. As we drove through downtown Washington, whites scoffed but Negroes cheered us on. Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, had warned Negroes to avoid the Assembly since its emphasis was on foreign policy rather than civil rights. Accordingly, Negro participation in the Assembly was only about 10 per cent, and highly volatile. When seminars were held Saturday, an all-Negro group sported this sign: "Closed Meeting to Whites."

Talk of Communist "infiltration" of

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the civil rights and peace movement implies deceit. There is no deceit. I observed Communists openly welcomed by the non-Communists of the movement. The movement simply is, in large part, Communist. And it does not stop with "civil rights" and "peace." It is, in its total expression, the New American Revolution. This Revolution ties civil rights agitators to peace agitators, Congress-haters to "free university" advocates, economic socialists to HUAC-haters. They are, all of them, in revolt against the values and institutions of their society.

In Washington, I observed two dynamics at work: the New Left and the Old Left. Members of the New Left are idealistic, romantic, existentialist. They are activists, whether violent or non-violent. They are non-ideological, and so are myopic when it comes to seeing a Revolution several years in the future. The Old Left, on the other hand, is focused on that Revolution with 20-20 vision. They are disciplined ideologues, and have already had a profound influence on the youthful idealists. So much so that the New American Left of which we hear so much is, in large part, already Old, profoundly anti-American, and even now losing whatever façade of innocence it formerly had. *Vide:*

I strolled up to one of the tables under the trees where the Unrepresented had gathered on the Monument grounds. Literature of the Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam was spread out on the table. Propped up nearby was a National Liberation Front flag. Cheerfully administering all this and chatting with students was one Walter Teague, chairman of the Committee. I bought from him a pamphlet, "Support the People of Viet Nam, Defeat U. S. Aggressors," printed in Peking. We talked. He told me I could contribute money there to aid the Vietcong forces. Furthermore, he said, he could put me in touch with underground agents who would sign me up to actually fight in the ranks of the Vietcong. Could Mr. Teague have my name, please?

At another table a short distance away, the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party and its student arm, the Young Socialist Alliance, distributed their literature, including the newspaper, *The Militant.* ("Casualties are steadily increasing in U.S. war to crush South Vietnamese freedom struggle." "President Johnson and the ruling class he represents face a growing problem.")

Not far from this, the youthful Spartacist group had its table. Spartacist broke from SWP because it was, Spartacist felt, betraying the Revolution. Said one youngster to me: "We feel it's our responsibility to form and lead the Revolution." He sold me a copy of Marxist Bulletin No. 1, "In Defense of a Revolutionary Perspective." ("We look to the working class and *only* the working class as the revolutionary force in modern society.")

The Progressive Labor Party widely distributed its newspaper, *Challenge,* "The Revolutionary Newspaper." ("One factor enabling the people in these countries [in Southeast Asia] to fight for, and to win, freedom is the existence of the Peoples' Republic of China. Six hundred and fifty million Chinese are the best friends Asian liberation movements have. Socialism in China is a powerful stimulus to all who fight for freedom.")

PLP's youth group, the May 2nd Movement, was hard at work distributing the *Free Student,* its newspaper. ("As the war in Vietnam and U. S. imperialism's concomitant repression at home intensify, many of us are planning increasingly militant resistance. . . . Right now there is some hesitation in the crude, 'non-ideological,' anti-imperialist student movement in America about the fact that it is anti-imperialist. . . . But given a world outlook rather than a 'domestic' one, given an outlook that sees revolution and counterrevolution . . . . as the fundamental political dialectic that now drives world reality onward, there is little choice in the matter.")

International Workers of The World, which offered to put up bail for jailed demonstrators, distributed the "International Edition" of its *Rebel Worker.* Youth Against War and Fascism distributed its magazine, the *Partisan. Workers World* was handed out.

Also present and accounted for were members of: Communist Party U.S.A., the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America (new national Communist youth group), the National Committee to Abolish HUAC (which has been cited as a Communist front), and the Southern Conference Educational Fund (which has in its leadership people identified under oath as members of the Communist Party). In all, I counted more than 60 organizations with members at the Assembly. Without trying, I collected more than 100 leaflets, pamphlets, newspapers and magazines.

All this is not kid stuff. Yet the great majority of this literature was distributed by students to students. The ideologues have not only har-

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nessed the energies of the young people but have, to a large but undetermined extent, incorporated them.

Saturday I attended, for most of the day, a seminar on "free" universities. One such school now operates in lower Manhattan. A "free university" is nothing more than a group of professors, loosely organized, who teach weekly seminars. Some of the course titles: The Theory and Practice of Community Organization, Marxist Existentialism, The Permanent Revolution, Marxism and American Decadence, Contemporary Revolutionary Poetry, and Revolutionary Egyptology. Only attendance limitation: you can't be a fascist.

Staughton Lynd, assistant professor of history at Yale, led the seminar. Lynd teaches the most popular course at the Free University of New York: The American Radical Tradition to 1900. He was the first to be arrested in the mammoth Monday demonstration, which he and Dave Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* Magazine, led. Students in Lynd's seminar sounded like this: "The main question is whether you can reform your university from within or whether you have to secede. . . . We must demand the abolition of grades. . . . We must bring out a Marxist critique of Samuelson's economics. . . . Columbia is [obscenity] because it's dedicated to teaching that the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial *mean* something. . . . Society must be changed from its root institutions up. We are in college to change the world and the lives of everyone in the world, including fraternity students who go through school on a four-year IBM card. . . . The entering freshman is a new kind of proletariat."

Discussions were endless and the strategy discussions which preceded each demonstration were longest of all. Every possibility was discussed in minute detail: Should we advance on the police line in a V-formation or in a line? Should we disperse, infiltrate as individuals and then regroup? Precisely which direction will those not wanting to be arrested turn at Third Street? Shall we stage a hunger strike in jail? How much will bail be? Where will we get it?

The group always splits into two sections: those "prepared to commit civil disobedience under the discipline of non-violence" and those not so prepared. Separate strategies were carefully developed for each group and the strategies coordinated. Discussions were calm, quiet. They served to build emotional solidarity in the group, to give confidence to those who were shaky. It took hours and hours, in this way, to do what a good demagogue could have done for them in ten minutes. I know for a fact that no more than 50 were "prepared" at first to be arrested Monday. In the end, three hundred allowed themselves to be arrested.

It was easy to tell how Old Left these youngsters were by what they said in meetings. The young man who blurted, "Man, I *feel,* I just gotta *do* something, man, because I'm scared, and we're all going to be killed if somebody doesn't do something, and like, it's in me and it's just gotta come out," was pure New Left, soft putty in Communist hands. On the other hand, the young girl who coolly advised "we cut out all this internal frenzy crap and consider carefully alternative strategic approaches of violence and non-violence" was well along the ideological road. As was the young man who shouted: "The time will come to fight, to storm the barricades, but that time is not yet!"

Holly Golimply

Saturday morning I attended a discussion on Police. The basic question: Do we want police protection? The most radical statements always got the most applause, thus: *Speaker A:* "I respect the institution, but cops get arbitrary. They're only human; maybe we could make friends with them." (*Silence from the group*) *B:* "Police are not our enemies. We should understand them and use the police for our own good." (*Silence*) *C:* "I am not for police protection [*Loud applause*] because they are *not* on our side." (*Applause*) *D:* "If the cops protect us, okay, but otherwise I don't want them." (*Applause*) *E:* "Our struggle has been against the police. [*Applause*] They are *not* on our side. [*Applause*] They are here to protect law and order, the law and order which we are against. They represent a system we are trying to change and they are our enemies." (*Applause and cheers.*)

The peaceniks complained, all weekend, about "police brutality." From my vantage point a few feet away during the Monday arrests I saw none. What I did see were three hundred peaceniks who sat, illegally, on a sidewalk at the edge of the Capitol grounds. They had sat down after police prevented them from marching further. They were surrounded by a solid wall of police, television cameras, reporters. They read their Declaration of Peace in unison, like the Lord's Prayer. Individuals stood up and made personal declarations, much as one would stand up in a revival meeting to declare that one was saved.

Even in the hot sun, police maintained a beefy good humor. The peaceniks were allowed to remain a full hour and a half. Finally, up rolled a police bus and two paddy wagons. Anyone who would like to get up and leave may do so now, announced the chief, because we are going to begin arrests. A few left.

The arrest took two hours as the buses scooted back and forth to jail. This was the method of arrest: four policemen would bend over a peacenik and lift him by his arms and legs as he "went limp." Each girl and many boys were asked, first, if they wouldn't rather just walk to the bus. A few did.

The policemen carried the peacenik to the bus and handed him to more policemen inside, who, if he would not walk to his seat, gave him a hefty shove. Most walked to their seats. Those who resisted in the bus or fell on the floor of the bus were treated roughly, but not "brutally." Occasionally from the crowd there came cries of "Brutality!" In a few instances, clubs were used, but no one was "busted" by the cops. Even so: "Oh, these Washington police are *worse* than the ones in Selma," said one gentle soul, veteran of many southern campaigns, when I asked him for a comparison.

Sunday afternoon we picketed the White House *en masse.* The demonstration was orderly and the group, tired and jubilant, marched back to the Washington Monument without incident. A scene occurred there I will never forget.

A thousand marched across the vast green in a line, mounting the slope to the Monument. It stood massive in its elegance and nobility, a pillar of

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"Civil Rights" and Violence

Who Are the Guilty Ones?

WILL HERBERG

The country is still reeling from the shock of what happened in Los Angeles. Six days of "racial" rioting, of violence uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Thousands of Negroes running wild, burning, destroying, looting, spreading from the Negro section outward, on a scale that made a senior officer of the National Guard, which finally quelled the rioting, describe it as veritable insurrection.

Herberg

The fury of hate and violence revealed in these six dreadful days has engendered a profound uneasiness through every part of the country. How could it have happened? After all, Los Angeles is not the Congo—or is it?

Of course, the politicians and the professional bleeding hearts immediately began to mumble the tired old phrases about "poverty" and "frustration," as though nobody was, or ever had been, poor or frustrated except the Los Angeles Negroes. (The living standards and conditions of life of the Negroes in Los Angeles, bad as they are, would have seemed something near to heaven to most of the immigrants who came to this country in earlier years.) But this time the public was not buying the explanations that explained nothing. The sentimental clichés that had so long obscured understanding began to fall away, and the grim truth to break through the Liberal smokescreen.

Justice Second to Order

Internal order is the first necessity of every society. Even justice is secondary to order, because without order there can be no society and no justice, however partial and fragmentary. This fundamental truth, well understood by political philosophers and theologians in our tradition, from Plato and Augustine on, was recently reiterated with great force by that later-day Augustinian, Reinhold Niebuhr.

> A conscientious politician [Niebuhr wrote] is compelled to relate all the moral aspirations and all the moral hesitancies of a free society to the primary goal, the survival of the community. On the political level, the value of justice takes an uneasy second place behind that of internal order. ("The Religion of Abraham Lincoln," *Christian Century*, February 10, 1965.)

But the internal order of a community, which is so primary and precious to it, is always precarious, as both Augustine and Freud knew so well; it is, at best, a thin surface layer of civilization and stability, covering up and holding down a veritable hell of aggression, anarchy and chaos. Internal order is preserved in society not because men have become tame and harmless little bourgeois; it is preserved by force—by the naked force of police and armies ultimately at some point (how close at hand Los Angeles may teach us), but more immediately by the force of custom and respect for constituted authority. It is these two—custom and respect for constituted authority—that do the everyday work of maintaining order and security. When these are weakened or destroyed, hell breaks loose—whether it is in the Congo or in Los Angeles, whether it is Negroes or whites who do the devil's work.

It did not come easy for us in this country, under the weight of the vast influx of immigrants and the residual effects of the frontier tradition, to consolidate a secure internal order based on custom and respect for constituted authority; but finally we managed. This internal order is now in jeopardy; and it is in jeopardy because of the doings of such high-minded, self-righteous "children of light" as the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King and his associates in the leadership of the "civil rights" movement. If you are looking for those ultimately responsible for the murder, arson, and looting in Los Angeles, look to them: they are the guilty ones, these apostles of "non-violence."*

For years now, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King and his associates have been deliberately undermining the foundations of internal order in this country. With their rabble-rousing demagoguery, they have been cracking the "cake of custom" that holds us together. With their doctrine of "civil disobedience," they have been teaching hundreds of thousands of Negroes—particularly the adolescents and the children—that it is perfectly all right to break the law and defy constituted authority if you are a Negro-with-a-grievance; in protest against injustice. And they have done more than talk. They have on occasion after occasion, in almost every part of the country, called out their mobs on the streets, promoted "school strikes," sit-ins, lie-ins, in explicit violation of the law and in explicit defiance of the public authority. They have taught anarchy and chaos by word and deed—and, no doubt, with the best of intentions—and they have found apt pupils everywhere, with intentions *not* of the best. Sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind. But it is not they alone who reap it, but we as well; the entire nation.

Negro People Worst Victims

It is worth noting that the worst victims of these high-minded rabble-rousers are not so much the hated whites, but the great mass of the Negro people themselves. The great mass of the Negro people cannot be blamed for the lawlessness and violence in Harlem, Chicago, Los Angeles, or elsewhere. All they want to do is what decent people everywhere want to do: make a living, raise a

*The quality of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's "non-violence" is rather curious. Not only does it somehow lead to violence and rioting among his own followers; it is very far from being a strategy of love against his opponents. Here is how the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's strategy is described by Roy Reed, **New York Times** correspondent, very friendly to the "civil rights" movement: "The Negroes' rationale in holding night marches [in Selma] is to provoke the racist element in the white communities to show its worst." (**New York Times**, February 24, 1965.)

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family, bring up their children as good citizens, with better advantages than they themselves ever had. The "civil rights" movement and the consequent lawlessness has well nigh shattered these hopes; not only because of the physical violence and insecurity, but above all because of the corruption and demoralization of the children, who have been lured away from the steady path of decency and self-government to the more exhilarating road of "demonstrating"—and rioting. An old friend of mine from Harlem put it to me after the riots last year: "For more than fifteen years we've worked our heads off to make something out of these boys. Now look at them—they're turning into punks and hoodlums roaming the streets."

Shall we wreak our wrath upon such "punks" and "hoodlums," the actual rioters, and allow those ultimately responsible, the Martin Luther Kings, the inciters to law-defiance in the name of "conscience," to go immune in their self-righteousness? They stand horrified at the rioting and violence. But isn't it all the handiwork of the demons they themselves raised? They are the guilty ones—despite the best intentions. If they have any conscience left besides that which they use as justification for the violation of law, let them search it now.

One Man, One Vote

See the judges. They are counting. Why do they sweat so in the big, cool room? It is hard to reapportion New Jersey.

See Justice Douglas. See how the mortarboard jumps up and down, up and down, on his head. Funny mortarboard.

Justice Douglas is unhappy. Why are there so few seats for Essex County? Why are there so many seats for Ocean County? Where is the boy with the ham on rye and the coffee, light?

See Justice Clark. See how he pulls at the long, black robe. Justice Clark is unhappy, too. It is not easy to reapportion New Jersey.

See the clerk. The clerk takes a paper from his pocket and gives it to Chief Justice Warren. "Oh dear, oh dear," says the Chief Justice. "Here is New York, and here is North Carolina, and here is Florida, and here is Massachusetts, and here is Rhode Island, and . . ."

"I have to go now," says Justice Douglas. "It is getting hot. Washington is very hot in the summer."

"Yes, yes," says the Chief Justice. "I am hot, too. Good bye, everybody. See you in September."

"Wait, wait," says Justice Harlan. "What about New Jersey?"

"I am going to Afghanistan this year," says Justice Douglas. "There are too many mosquitoes in New Jersey."

W. H. VON DREELE

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Special Report

Malaysia — Singapore = Trouble

SUSAN HUCK

The sudden withdrawal of Singapore from the state of Malaysia was almost inevitable. The problems which prevented its creation until 1963 are the same ones which have caused the present split. Malaysia, a nation of about ten million, was finally cobbled together out of four formerly British-controlled territories—Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, and Sabah.

The first and most important component is peninsular Malaya, consisting of nine historic Malay states which had become an independent federation in 1957. To all appearances, Malaya is a Malay state, but in fact only about half its population is ethnically Malay. It is about 40 per cent Chinese, 8 per cent Indian or Pakistani, and the rest European or Eurasian. These three major groups have not mixed racially, or "integrated" culturally, to any significant degree.

The second major component of Malaysia was Singapore, an island city-state off the southern tip of Malaya. Its functions have always been geared to world trade and global strategy, because it commands the Straits of Malacca, the highway between the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The city has a population of about 1.7 million, and is at least 75 per cent Chinese. For all of its geographic proximity to Malaya, the British never linked it to Malaya politically. Later on, an independent Malaya did not welcome the inclusion of Singapore because it would have given the Chinese a popular majority. In the end, this impasse gave the British territories in Borneo more importance than they have ever had.

During the palmy days of Empire, the British had acquired control of the assorted sultanates along the northwest coast of Borneo. The inclusion of two of these territories, Sarawak and Sabah, along with some jiggling of the constitution, could guarantee to the Malays the political supremacy which they insisted upon. The Chinese of Malaya—and the Indians, who had less choice—accepted this arrangement, probably confident of their ability to make the Malays stay within reasonable bounds. Unfortunately, they didn't. Malay politicians more vociferous and less intelligent than Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman kept making ever more unreasonable demands, backed by agitation in the Malay-language media. They even demanded the arrest of Singapore's Prime Minister, Lee Kwan Yew, for merely stating fairly obvious facts in public.

Mr. Lee Kwan Yew has had a checkered political past, which includes playing games with the Communists. At present he is the undisputed leader of the Malaysian Chinese. He is one of the sharpest of active politicians, which makes it difficult ever to be certain what he is up to. Lee's vehicle, the People's Action Party, has usually been described by that tired, deceptive, nearly discredited phrase, "the non-Communist Left." Heaven knows the American people have been peddled enough Reds under that label—including, if the reader will check his mass circulation magazines for the late 1940s, old Mao Tse-tung himself.

This, combined with the fact that the long, bloody Communist insurrection in Malaya was nearly all a Chinese show, provides reasonable enough grounds for a case of the willies. However, Prime Minister Lee does not seem to have played the Red game within the last decade—and in this he has been backed by the real majority of Singapore Chinese who have no desire to knuckle under to Communist rule. The message has arrived about life in Mainland China.

Malacca Straits Pivotal

The strategic value to the West of the Straits of Malacca—especially now that a hostile Indonesia straddles all other passages between the Pacific and Indian Oceans—hardly requires elaboration. And Sukarno's hitherto blundering efforts to "crush Malaysia" could develop into something quite serious for a weakened Malaysia.

The usual technique, which Sukarno can be expected to use, is for the guerrillas to "tax" remote populations for supplies, under penalty of an unpleasant death. Since it proves impossible to police all these places, the alternative solution is to get the people out of reach of the terrorists. In Malaya, during the 1950s, many thousands of squatters along the jungle's edge were removed to new settlements, leaving the guerrillas without easy victims.

In fact, food controls were so strict that all canned foods had to be accounted for at all times, and the cans were punched open before leaving the store, so that the food would not keep to reach the guerrillas.

This sort of thing may sound fantastic, and it obviously violates everybody's "civil rights"—but then so does terrorism. There was a general acceptance of the necessity for such measures. And there is a general acceptance of their reimposition in areas threatened by renewed terrorism. Today, the threatened area is chiefly Sarawak, although Sukarno's armed enthusiasts have landed by boat and parachute in Malaya itself, and frequently invade Singapore harbor by night, to try to blow up some shipping. A Vietnam-type war in Borneo offers Sukarno the best possibilities militarily, if he can get enough expert Communists for it.

What happens now? Or rather, what could happen now?

Attention focuses on Singapore and Borneo. Malaya proper seems least likely to be a scene of disaster for the West. Malaya has been a nation and can be a nation once again, given leaders of reasonable competence (an important proviso). It has had its "shots" against the Red virus, and is thus better equipped to resist siren songs than some other countries. It must chiefly guard against the same agitators who drove the Chinese of Singapore into secession, because communal warfare within Malaya is a real danger. Neither Sukarno nor Mao would hesitate to inflame Malaya and Chinese against each other, if the prize were Malaya, the Straits of Malacca, and a strong "lower jaw," the better to crush the rest of South-

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The Open Question

Mater si, Magistra, si!

L. BRENT BOZELL

NATIONAL REVIEW'S discovery of the population explosion confirms *a*) that God's arrangements for peopling the planet have indeed gone awry, and if disaster is to be averted we had better grab the wheel quick; *b*) the means we employ are to be evaluated according to their efficiency; but *c*) let's face it—except maybe for abortion, voluntary methods haven't made a dent; so . . . *and*) Old Mother Hen can at last be counted on to get out of the way—though she may flap her wings a bit (obstructionists really "*must* have their freedom guaranteed") when the State moves as it is "bound" to, to enforce the imperatives of Survival. Oh, my. As to most of this, I assume the staff freedom philosophers will soon return from their vacations, and will have something to say, hopefully at the level of prudence, about an approach to the cosmos that points ineluctably to supervision of human generation by a State doctrinally forbidden to meddle with the postal service.

Bozell

'Legitimizing' Contraceptives

My main concern, however, is with Old Mother Hen, and with Garry Wills' assurances that she will not find her stubborn ways as difficult to mend as some of us had thought. The key problem: How to legitimize contraceptives without compromising the integrity of the Catholic Church's teaching authority.

As to the Popes' teaching, the problem becomes manageable, on Wills' showing, as follows. (1) While "papal directives" on the subject are "very strong," none of them is "infallible" —"including Pius XI's encyclical *Casti Connubii* (1930), which condemns 'any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life.' " (2) The Church "moved away" from this teaching "when Pius XII approved the practice of 'rhythm' ": [separating] the sex act from its consequences . . . by *temporal* interposition [was] expressly forbidden in *Casti Connubii.*" Therefore (3) the Church under Paul VI is presumably at liberty to move away still further —to the approval, say, of the interposition of condoms or pills.

Casti Connubii: How Strong?

1) Wills would have served us nonexperts better by allowing that his representation of *Casti Connubii* as "not infallible" is at best a beleaguered point of view—that a number of eminent theologians (*e.g.,* Cappello, Gennaro, Piscetta, Tel Haar, Vermeersch) have expressly held otherwise; while most of the other luminaries (*e.g.,* Cartechini, Creusen, Zalba) have endorsed the technical variant, as stated by the American authorities Ford and Kelly that "Pius XI was clearly and solemnly declaring a truth already infallibly taught by the Universal Church."

2) The contention that Pius XII's approval of "rhythm" deviated from *Casti Connubii* is palpably not true—palpably, that is, on the strength of the very passage of *Casti Connubii* that Wills quotes: the sex act obviously *has* no "natural power to generate life" during the woman's infertile periods. A moment later, moreover, *Casti Connubii* expressly condones the practice that Wills advises was "expressly forbidden": "Nor are those considered as acting against nature who in the married state use their right in the proper manner, although on account of natural reasons *either of time* or of certain defects, new life cannot be brought forth." (But did Pius XI, like Pius XII, explicitly sanction a *systematic* exploitation of the menstrual cycle? No: accurate knowledge of the cycle's performance was not available until later on in the thirties, after *Casti Connubii,* when the studies of the Japanese, Ogino, and the Austrian, Knaus, first gained general currency and acceptance.)

3) We can stand, I think, a fuller look at *Casti Connubii.* Provoked, among other things, by the collapse of the Anglican Church's opposition to contraceptives at Lambeth the previous summer, Pius XI wrote:

> *The Catholic Church, to whom God has entrusted the defense of the integrity and purity of morals, standing erect in the midst of the moral ruin that surrounds her, in order that she may preserve the chastity of the nuptial union from being defiled by this foul stain, raises her voice in token of Divine Ambassadorship, and through Our mouth proclaims anew: Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin.*

Noting that Pius met all of "the ordinary tests used by theologians" to determine infallibility, even Prof. John Noonan, whose recent history of the Church's teaching on contraception and related matters makes every possible bow to the possibilities of change, must ask: "If the Pope did mean to use the full authority to speak *ex cathedra* on morals, which Vatican I recognized as his, what further language could he have used?"

And we may ask the same about the unanimous teaching of the bishops, which Wills dismisses as mere "common opinion." What was missing when the Belgian bishops, for instance, issued a solemn pastoral letter on the subject in 1909? the Germans in 1913? the French, Austrian, and Americans in 1919?

Anovulents Another Ballgame

All of which forces a pragmatic observation. If the Church next Monday were to abandon her teaching on contraceptives as set forth in *Casti Connubii,* I doubt whether the Church on

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Terror in Los Angeles

Interview with a Policeman assigned to the Watts Area

The following is the transcript of an interview with a member of the Los Angeles Police Department a few days after the riots. He is a policeman in the Watts district and at the time of the interview had been working continuously for six days, twelve hours on and twelve off.

NR: You've been an officer in Watts for a long time. What are conditions really like? Are they for instance worse than other L.A. ghettos?

OFFICER: There is no question that some areas in Watts are bad. But they are interspersed between nice residential districts where Negro home-owners were unquestionably disturbed and upset with the rioting. There are of course a lot of people on welfare. I always know the day the checks arrive because that night up goes the crime rate. . . . Some agencies use coupons that are good for food only. But this isn't the answer. These people will sell a $20.00 coupon for $10.00 in cash.

NR: Are the socio-economic advances that are made essentially washed away by the influx in Negro population?

OFFICER: I would say this is one big reason why it is hard to keep up with the problem. I know many of these people come from the South and naturally they get out here and find welfare is easy to get and write home for their relatives to come out. . . . I have even been stopped by a Negro family that has come in from another state, and the car is all loaded with his wife and kids and his first question was: "Where is the Welfare Department?" It was the first problem to him on entering Los Angeles.

NR: Is there organized crime in the area?

OFFICER: Not in the sense you mean . . . at least that I am aware of. In general most felonies are the product of single individuals.

NR: What is the attitude of the average Negro in Watts toward the police officer?

OFFICER: You come to realize being a policeman and working in Watts that the policeman for many Negroes is a very big part of their life. It is a necessary element. What most people in Watts get out of us is the service we render by just being there and keeping robbery, rapes and so forth at a minimum. The Negro from the time he is a child all the way through his life finds police an integral part of his life. The kids all over wave and say "Hi" to us, and as they get a little older they begin to look at you sideways. As adults they use the police department a great deal. When families have an argument they call the police to come out and settle it. . . . So all of this makes the policeman in the Negro areas more necessary than other places.

NR: Who do you think is responsible for the tremendous hostility toward the policeman?

OFFICER: Who you can blame it on is hard to say. I think the majority of the people are filled up with the civil rights situation. . . . filled up all the time with "police brutality" and that the police are picking on the Negro physically and harassing him, giving him citations and so forth. It may be true in Alabama but I know it is not true here. . . . When you get a mob type of situation where reasonable people lose their reason this all comes out as an antagonism toward the police because here is an easy target . . . here is somebody that they have been told for years and years is prejudiced against them, picking on them. I don't want to blame the whole civil rights movement on this but I think it has a lot to do with it.

NR: What do the Negro members of the Department think about this and what is the attitude of Negroes toward the Negro policeman?

OFFICER: Well I don't think his neighbors throw stones at him. But I heard one say during the riot he was catching as much hell as any of the white police. There certainly was resentment towards them under these conditions. On one corner people are yelling "Where are the Negro policemen?" while they are stoning us and shouting obscenities. When a Negro policeman gets there he is subject to another kind of resentment . . . he is on the wrong team; he should be throwing stones instead of trying to stop it.

NR: Some of the TV film reports showed policemen surrounded with howling, screaming gangs of Negroes. Yet in every instance the police never opened fire, never seemed to attack. Why is that?

OFFICER: The law says any fleeing felon, after all other means are used, can be subdued by deadly force. This means that a bookmaker, for instance, who is a felon, can be killed under law if he runs away from you. But the Department says no because generally a bookmaker is not a dangerous individual and you can catch him another day. The same thing is true for people who steal cars. The Department says don't shoot at them because mostly they are juveniles. So what it boils down to is that you shoot when you, or a citizen, or your partner's life is in danger, which is a self defense situation. Or if you have a criminal who has committed a crime of violence and if let go might cause a great deal more danger. This is something that is really drilled into our heads.

NR: What is the definition of police brutality? ➔

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OFFICER: I don't know. I have visions of police brutality . . . of a policeman taking a guy into the alley and beating him short of death and then leaving him there and driving away. That would be brutality. Today, however, the people consider it verbal brutality, they consider it a bad look, your tone of voice and so forth.

NR: Is Chief Parker internally popular?

OFFICER: Yes. There isn't a policeman that I know that isn't happy with him.

NR: What about the riot itself? What was it like?

OFFICER: Well, I personally didn't have any bullets ricochetting off my gun belt but there were a lot of cases where I heard gunfire that was directed at me personally. I was fortunate enough never to be hit with a rock, but one night my car was completely demolished with rocks while I was in it. And that is a very frightening feeling to be driving down a street and realize all of a sudden that you are caught in traffic and there are no other police cars and all of a sudden your windshield is broken out with a brick and your windows the same. You realize there is nothing you can do about it. There you are, you are a target for this. Anyone of these rocks or bricks can kill you. There is nothing you can do. You have a crowd of people on the street and maybe only a few individuals throwing rocks and you know you can't just open up gunfire on them. But that is the way later on we were to handle it.

NR: Mayor Yorty claims only a small minority were rioting. Would you venture an estimate as to how many were rioting?

OFFICER: Well, there again it is hard to say. . . . I don't know how many were there but say there were 2,000. . . . In the worst night we had, it seemed as if it were fifty to one. Now that could be an exaggeration but believe me not much of one. One policeman in full combat gear is pretty well equipped to handle a number of people.

NR: As a sidelight, there were 15,000 National Guard down there. Do you think 1,000 regular Marines could have done the same job?

OFFICER: As much as I respect the Marine Corps, I don't think so. These Guard troops were doing a real good job. Actually, by the time the Guard got there, they didn't have to take the abuse we did. And I think all the abuse we had taken the two previous days was now over because now we were going to go onto the offensive whether the Guard was there or not. We were going to start to shoot felons if they did not stop at our command.

NR: Do you think they needed that number of Guardsmen?

OFFICER: Well I know I was awfully glad to see them. We were unprepared for anything of this magnitude to happen. We were all going around with disbelief in our heads.

NR: Watching this on TV lead one to believe there was no master plan existing among law enforcement officers to control the situation. Is this true?

OFFICER: Yes, I think it is . . . . at least something of this size. Last night, for example, I talked to a police sergeant from a nearby community which would have been in some sort of peril had the situation become worse. His comments were, we hated to see you boys take a beating like that, but we are ready now. We now know how to handle the situation because we have seen what can happen. And that is: take an offensive position immediately. Use the "deadly force" we are permitted to subdue a felon. This is probably a positive aspect of the riot. We were so unprepared for this mentally, at least I know I was.

NR: By that you are in effect saying that you have not noticed an increase in tensions within the community?

OFFICER: I think every policeman who worked there in Watts is aware of the potentially explosive situation anytime you cause any sort of incident. If you have to use your siren to pull someone over, for instance, by the time you get out of your car there are people around you that are spectators. If the situation isn't handled properly it can be an explosive situation as I said. . . . As you say I think this situation was probably potentially there for a long time and nobody had realized it. Almost anything could have touched it off, whether it was those highway patrolmen or whatever.

NR: Do you think it could have been touched off three years ago?

OFFICER: That is hard to say. It is possible. It didn't happen so who knows.

NR: Are there any statistics yet on who the felons were?

OFFICER: Not official. The ones that I arrested have mostly had records. I can think of one who did not. It was amazing to me the amount of older people who were involved in it.

NR: What part were the Muslims playing in all of this?

OFFICER: Again this is hard to say. Is their organization behind this? Is there a group pushing hard to keep this going? I don't know. At some times it did seem that way. . . .

NR: Could the riot have been worse?

OFFICER: No question about it. Twenty good snipers could have paralyzed the riot area. Also a handful of men starting fires in downtown L. A. could have caused great trouble. I guess the fact that this didn't happen is evidence that it was not organized . . . . at least on a grand scale.

NR: What was the rioter's rationale for shooting the fireman?

OFFICER: That to me was unbelieveable. They were trying to do their job of putting out a fire under these conditions and they were being shot at by the citizens they are trying to protect. It is hard to describe just what thoughts are racing through your mind all the time. Moments of extreme fear, moments of disbelief. It is just plain hard to describe. You wouldn't believe it unless you were there. I can sit here and tell you . . . . tell you how frightened I was and things like that and you couldn't comprehend it unless you were there.

NR: Do you think there is a chance for a rapprochement with the Negro community now after the riot?

OFFICER: I think this will be the hardest part of the whole thing. I don't think it will ever be the same. Each policeman is now surprised, amazed and frightened at what can happen. After you have been shot at and have had stones thrown through your car window and been stoned personally for almost a week, I don't see how you can ever fall back into the original feeling of pretty much security. Before, when you wrote a ticket on the street, you didn't usually feel that somebody was going to snipe at you. You didn't feel somebody was going to throw a brick at you. But now it is going to be on every policeman's mind who is involved, because it is awful hard to forget the frightening situation.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Reforming "Social Studies" in Schools

Can the teaching of "social studies" in grade school and high school be made something better than the "social stew" which many pupils rightfully, if mordantly, call the amorphous, sloganizing courses to which they are subjected? Every teacher, school-board member, and intelligent parent interested in so important a reform ought to become familiar with the "Greater Cleveland Social Science Program," being developed by the Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland (Rockefeller Building, Cleveland 13, Ohio).

Kirk

Supported by charitable foundations of Ohio, the Educational Research Council is endeavoring to improve the whole level of school instruction. Finding most textbooks inadequate, the Council prepares its own elaborate series of workbooks for children and teachers' guides. It began with a successful "Greater Cleveland Mathematics Program": now the Council (whose executive director is Mr. George Baird) concentrates on the social sciences, a project to be carried on for years.

The Research Council believes that young children really are educable—not merely candidates for "adjustment" and socialization. Take, for instance, one of the considerable number of handbooks the Council already has published: "The Child Begins to Know his World—Children in Other Lands." This is intelligent geography for *kindergarteners*. The Council issues one large booklet by this title which is for pupils, and another which is the accompanying teachers' handbook. Children are taught the meaning of a globe, the general nature of the earth, the names of the continents and oceans, directions, something of life in Japan, Mexico, Samoa, Sweden, and central Africa. Detailed exercises and programs for the teacher are provided. It is all, happily, a far cry from suburban and monosyllabic Dick, Jane, and Spot.

Professor Raymond English, a genuinely educated man with considerable literary talents, is the Council's director of the social-science program; various sound scholars serve as consultants. The Council's *Handbook for Social Science Teachers,* published this year, is a courageous and perceptive manual, free from all the cant and slogan of most writing in this field. Its character may be suggested by this passage on "Misleading Information":

> Oversimplification is not the only danger. In social matters we are especially prone to mislead the young by careless, inexact, prejudiced or short-tempered generalizations. Parents, friends, and teachers are all guilty at times. We tell a child that money "is given by the government," that schools are "free," that people of a certain race are "dirty," that democratic governments are always "good," that freedom is "doing what you like," that businessmen are dishonest (did not the father of President Kennedy tell his son that businessmen were all s-o-b's?), that labor unions are full of racketeers, that the police exist to punish and arrest people, that war is always wrong, that the United Nations is the most important means for maintaining world peace, that all Russians are wicked, that the Federal Government ought to do this and that, that progress is inevitable, that nuclear weapons "ought to be abolished," that such-and-such a politician or political party is rascally, etc., etc. Much of this misinformation is conveyed unintentionally and even light-heartedly. "After all, we have a right to our opinions!" But a child does not always understand the difference between a vigorous prejudice and a thoughtful statement striving after truth. It is the task of social science to take account of prejudice and opinion, but to strive to break through such superficial impulses to a more realistic understanding of social values, social institutions, and social tensions.

Mr. Baird and Dr. English do not find the task of outlining a reformed social-science curriculum extremely difficult, nor do they hesitate to state the first principles of such a program. Social science, as they point out, cannot aspire to impart the highest or most intimate values or norms—"love of God, religious doctrines, faith, the intimate love of parents," and others. Yet social science is meaningless or baneful if it tries to be "value-free": it then falls into nihilism. So the authors of this teachers' handbook list some of the values with which a program of social studies ought to be concerned:

1) The sense of justice: the elementary distinction between right and wrong. 2) The sense of obligation to obey just authority and just laws. 3) The love of freedom, and the realization that to be free means to be rational and responsible. 4) Self-respect and its concomitant, respect for others. (This might be also called the knowledge of one's own rights and of the rights of others.) 5) Loyalty and self-sacrifice towards and for the sake of values, institutions, and people. This includes patriotism. 6) The duty to work and improve oneself, and to help others towards self-improvement. 7) The sense of reality: the ability to distinguish Utopian dreams from the possible and practicable. 8) The modest awareness of one's own limitations: the correct balance between over-confidence and self-distrust. 9) Courage, both moral and physical. 10) Kindness and sympathy. 11) The understanding of justice in relation to rewards and punishment. 12) Moderation and tolerance. 13) Last, but not last in importance, the love of truth, and willingness to pursue it.

Well! The Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland assumes that schoolteachers possess moral imagination and some degree of right reason, and are willing to impart a genuine discipline, founded on moral postulates, to the crowd of American children who, for decades, have been treated as mere subjects for indoctrination in "approved attitudes." As school boards come to hear of the Council's program, Social Stew may smell more appetizing.

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To Valhalla with Twin Exhausts

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"ENDIT": this single cablese word, prophetic and appropriate, is the title of the last chapter of the last James Bond novel, *The Man with the Golden Gun*. From the hospital bed where he lies recovering from bullet wounds, Bond cables M, refusing the knighthood which a grateful government has offered him.

In *You Only Live Twice* we left Bond, bemused from the holocaust which closed his duel with Blofeld, heading blindly for Vladivostok. We now learn what happened to him there, and in what strange condition he returned to London. This opening sequence is the most interesting part of the book. Afterwards, Bond is perfunctorily de-brainwashed and sent, good as new, to hunt down "Pistols" Scaramanga, the deadliest gunman in the Caribbean.

Having, with implausible ease, secured the post of Scaramanga's temporary bodyguard, he attends a meeting of top gangsters at a half-completed hotel in a remote corner of Jamaica. There he finds his old friend, Felix Leiter of the CIA, and, between them, they quickly polish off the ungodly in a blaze of gunfire and explosives.

The plot, as in several of Fleming's later books, contains little more than would make a respectable short story, and both its setting and some of its incidents are reminiscent of previous adventures. *The Man with the Golden Gun* is undeniably slight, but like everything Fleming wrote, intensely readable.

I SAW him last a few weeks before he died. He seemed very tired. The effort of invention had become increasingly difficult. He found it particularly hard, he said, to think of new villains; and indeed Scaramanga is scarcely in the same league as Mister Big or Sir Hugo Drax or Rosa Klebb. Outrageous devices no longer bubbled up in his mind; it had been a long time since he contrived anything as gasp-provoking as Dr. No's death by guano or Goldfinger's purchase of a Corporal missile with which to assault Fort Knox.

In a sense, Fleming's job was finished. He had irrevocably transformed the *genre* in which he worked: and, unlike so many intellectuals who toy with the thriller, he had done so from exactly the right point of view. He enjoyed and respected the work of his predecessors, John Buchan, Sapper, Leslie Charteris, and had no wish to rebel against them, merely to bring their formula up to date. Anti-heroes, disillusionment, the seamy side, never attracted him. Deliberately, he produced fairy stories for worldly adults, and he made them as glossy and sensually appealing as he could. He was a sophisticated man who knew how things worked. The effect he aimed at, and splendidly achieved, was one of glamorized realism.

It subtly flattered the reader, and brought Fleming success on a scale which nobody could have predicted and which he had certainly never dreamed of. He watched the process, and accepted the rewards, with mild astonishment, an unturned head and businesslike responses.

SUCH success was not immediate. My copy of *Casino Royale* is a reprint, published two years after the book first appeared: and, on the back, the publishers still felt it necessary to identify Fleming as "Foreign Manager of the *Sunday Times* and brother of Peter Fleming, the distinguished author." A few months afterwards, with the appearance of *Moonraker*, James Bond really left the launching-pad (as Fleming put it). And, from that moment, the highbrow critics, who had praised *Casino Royale*, and the amateur sociologists, leftists to a man, turned and rent him.

"Sex, sadism and snobbery" were the charges they brought. *The Man with the Golden Gun* contains no sex beyond a chaste kiss; no sadism in the proper sense, though inevitably some bloodshed; and certainly no trace of snobbery. These never were, in fact, characteristics of Fleming's work. Cruder sex and harsher cruelty are to be found in almost any of the sordid, "outspoken" and ostensibly realistic modern novels which highbrow critics delight to honor. But there is, admittedly, a difference. In highbrow novels sex and violence are treated gloomily: in Fleming's stories they are presented cheerfully and with frank enjoyment. This is what leftists hate, just as they hate fox-hunting not because it gives pain to foxes but because it gives pleasure to humans.

The Man with the Golden Gun, by Ian Fleming. New American Library, $4.50

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A similar jealous puritanism underlies the charge of snobbery. The critics who brought it cannot have meant that Bond was a social snob. Bond is virtually classless: he has very little money of his own, and doesn't even possess a tail-coat: M, not he, is a member of Blades'. But he appreciates quality, in food, in drink, in all the apparatus of living. Originally, Fleming introduced brand names and gastronomic details as part of the streamlining and glamorizing process: they contributed realism and they were pleasant for the reader to imagine. Later he amused himself by giving an unsolicited advertisement to commodities and craftsmanship of which he approved.

But leftists are galled by the contemplation of material luxury and standards beyond those of the masses; so they disapproved of Fleming's approval, and even more of his presumption in stating it without a blush. They called Bond vulgar, a curious word on leftist lips: and they accused him of fascism, ignoring his confessed admiration for President Kennedy (which Fleming put in as a *quid pro quo* because of Kennedy's admiration for Bond).

Fleming shrugged all these criticisms off; but he paid, I think, more attention to them than he cared to admit. Consciously or unconsciously, he subdued the flavor of his narrative, which was a mistake. It weakened the books without appeasing his enemies.

The character of James Bond had, in any event, changed and developed since its original conception. Bond was to have been a mere "blunt instrument in the hands of government," as featureless as his name. But he soon acquired flesh and blood and personality, a heart as well as a mind, idiosyncrasies and hopes and fears; and his name, which Fleming picked for its ordinariness, has now become a romantic symbol all over the world.

The humanizing of Bond went perhaps too far. In *The Spy Who Loved Me* Fleming tried, foolhardily and with disastrous results, to see him through the eyes of a girl. In the next book, Fleming, slightly chastened, returned more or less to the proper formula; but Bond, like Sherlock Holmes after the Reichenbach Falls, was never quite the same man again.

A pseudo-Bond was growing up meanwhile, outside Fleming's control, fed by innumerable jokes, references, articles, comic-strips, imitators and, finally and most spectacularly, by the movies. That this pseudo-Bond wasn't really his Bond never worried Fleming at all. He enjoyed the movies, helped to promote them, and like a true professional, welcomed any publicity which might boost his sales.

He was supremely a professional. He never had his tongue in his cheek. He never despised what he was doing. He took the job, but not himself, seriously. And he brought to it three invaluable assets. The first was his own experience, particularly during the war; it gave him some authentic background material and supplied the main incidents for *Casino Royale*. The second was his pre-war training as a news agency reporter; it gave him an urgent, economical, informative style. The third was a great natural gift for story-telling; at his worst, he never wrote a dull page.

The Man with the Golden Gun is by no means his worst. Bond makes a decent last bow.

But "endit" cannot really be the final word. Fleming has gone, having given more pleasure to mankind than most of us can ever hope to do; but Bond survives, with a life of his own, Bond and pseudo-Bond merging into a single epic figure. With his Walther PPK nestling in its Berns Martin Triple-draw holster, and a full-throated roar from twin exhausts of his supercharged Bentley, James Bond has passed triumphantly into the Valhalla of immortal heroes.

Economists — and Economists

JAMES M. BUCHANAN

Essays in the history of ideas should be written by such men as George Stigler, who was president of the American Economic Association in 1964. He remains reasonably young,

Essays in the History of Economics, by George Stigler. Chicago, $6.95

but he is not angry. In both his presidential address (*American Economic Review*, March 1965) and in these collected essays, he looks on his discipline, "economics," and finds much to praise, relatively little to censure. What a distance there is between this Stigler and his mentor, Frank Knight, who tells us to read others only to learn from their mistakes, or between this Stigler and some of his friends and contemporaries to whom the discipline seems confused and on the verge of disintegration.

What is economics? A kit of tools, a set of empirically testable propositions, an all-inclusive logic of human choice, an understanding of the institutions of market exchange, a vision of social order? All of these, and more besides, and any measure of past contributions must reflect the selective emphasis of him who measures. From his historical essays, Stigler's ideal economics seems that set of empirically testable hypotheses that have been gradually built up by diligent analysts and empiricists over two centuries, gaps in which continue to be filled by modern efforts. He admires the analysts, particularly Ricardo, makes scientific heroes of the early empiricists, and he quite properly emphasizes the necessity of distinguishing rigorous analytical propositions and empirical generalizations. Stigler's neglect alone indicates that he has relatively little sympathy for the formalist, the generalist, the system-builder. Economics is not for him a "way of thinking," a "vision of social order."

Or so it seems. Is Stigler wholly consistent, however, when he presents his most provocative hypothesis which states that economists tend to be politically conservative? If the hypothesis is valid, does this, in itself, suggest that the discipline is something more than a set of conceptually testable propositions? If, instead, economics is a "vision of social order," broadly speaking, the professionalization of scholarship should produce bias toward those political institutions that give reality to the view. In this case, however, who qualifies as an

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Random Notes

● Books: Next fall's interesting-looking lightweights include Dorothy Middleton's *Victorian Lady Travellers,* collection of seven biographical sketches (Dutton, September, $4.95); one by Dervla Murphy, evidently a modern lady traveler, entitled *Full Tilt: Ireland to India with a Bicycle* (Dutton again, September, $4.95); *Ian Fleming: The Spy Who Came in with the Gold,* biography by Henry A. Zeiger (Duell, November); a history of the Salvation Army in America, *Born to Battle,* by Mrs. Brigadier Sallie Chesham (Rand McNally, October, $5.95). . . . Any of the above should help restore flagging humors after the reader has put down such delights as *Invitation to an Inquest,* Walter and Mariam Schneir's review of the Rosenberg thing and Lordy! it was all a Terrible Mistake not to mention a right-wing plot (Doubleday, $5.95); or mayhap *The MacArthur Controversy,* updated edition of Rovere and Schlesinger's 1951 *The General and the President* now subtitled, who knows why, "The Future of American Foreign Policy" (Farrar, Straus; September). . . . The late Mac Hyman's (*No Time for Sergeants*) novel, *Take Now Thy Son,* will be published posthumously by Simon & Schuster in October.

● Movies Imminent: Shooting of the *Stagecoach* remake has started. Gordon Douglas directs; along for the ride are such as Ann-Margret, Red Buttons, Bing Crosby, Bob Cummings, Van Heflin and (riding shotgun, no doubt) Slim Pickens. . . . Next espionage comedy is *The Fat Spy,* with Jack E. Leonard, Phyllis Diller, Jayne Mansfield, George Raft and a pop-rock combo yclept The Wild Ones, whom producer Joe Cates borrowed from Sybil Burton's discothèque. . . . Also in the works is a film of *Doctor Doolittle.* Alan Jay Lerner was signed to handle book and lyrics, but has been replaced by Leslie Bricusse, who did *The Roar of the Greasepaint, etc.* . . . The stars are Lillian Gish, Vera Miles and Fred MacMurray. The book was Mackinlay Kantor's *God and My Country,* about the Boy Scouts.

● Movies Transcendent: *Variety* reports that Debbie Reynolds wants Riviera Lounge host Arturo Petterino for a role in *The Singing Nun.* Unfortunately, that's all they report, leaving us with such alarming worries as, is *she* going to *star* in it?. . . . Whether it's 007 or *8½* that started it, Italian moviemakers (who are to our *culturati* what the Babu poets were to the Victorians) are going in big for numbers. Some titles: *Agent 003 Operation Atlantis; Agent 001 Operation Jamaica; 007½ Operation Goldsinger; 077 Operation Lisbon; 777 Operation Mystery; OSS-117 Fury on the Amazon; 077 Operation Bloody Mary; 077 From Orient with Fury; Agent 255—Desperate Mission; 669 With Love, Calling Poland; SOS 117 Peking-Rome; Agent 008—Kiss on Sight; 077 Shoot on Sight.* Guess it was 007. . . . Movie titles stretch into the sunset: William Wyler's *Venus Rising* has been retitled *How to Steal a Million Dollars and Live Happily Ever After.*

● Movies Possible: Three biographies—Robert Wise plans to produce-direct one of Gertrude Lawrence next year; two producers are bidding for Raf Vallone to play Lucky Luciano in pictures set for this summer; Nijinsky's widow is reported mulling three offers for film rights to her husband's life story. . . . Zanuck may do *Justine* in Egypt next year. . . . John Sturges will likely direct a flick about European motor racing, starring (natch) Steve McQueen and with Stirling Moss as consultant.

● Travel Note: The Prom ballroom in St. Paul, Minn., features a session every Friday night wherein two bands do battle, one playing rock-'n-roll and the other polkas. Culture shock, anyone?

economist? Not all of those who possess mere technical competence can pass muster here.

Reconciliation is possible if we introduce a distinction between "economists" and "political economists." What has happened in recent decades is that many "economists," in the technical, professional sense, have lost contact with "political economy," that vision of the complex web of social interaction that had traditionally informed the whole discipline. Accepting this distinction, we can agree with Stigler's assessment of the purely scientific developments in "economics," while at the same time we can agree with the more angry critics who charge that "political economy," in its traditionally understood conception, is falling apart.

The hypothesis, in its most severe form, deserves further consideration. Rudimentary technical competence should, of course, be sufficient to forestall lapses into palpable contradictions and absurdities. This is as true for economics as for any discipline, or for ordinary common sense. No economists, by any conceivable definition, can support proposals to increase the national members of the labor force. (In 1965, these are heavily concentrated among Negro workers, and the harm that will be done to Negroes by enactment of the currently proposed increase in the national minimum wage will surely offset any economic gains that might have been expected from passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.) To some extent, opposition to such absurdities in public policy has been, historically, associated with political conservatism, especially during the period since the Roosevelt New Deal. If this is all there is to it, Stigler's hypothesis is worthy of note, but not of argument. But he means something more than this. Do economists, who are technically competent enough to recognize the palpable absurdities, tend to favor institutional-constitutional structures that allow maximal range for individual freedom of choice? In my opinion, they do so only if they possess, in addition to technical competence, the overview of the system of interaction that we associate with the name "political economy."

If something other than technical competence is required, however, how can "political economists" be classified by criteria other than their

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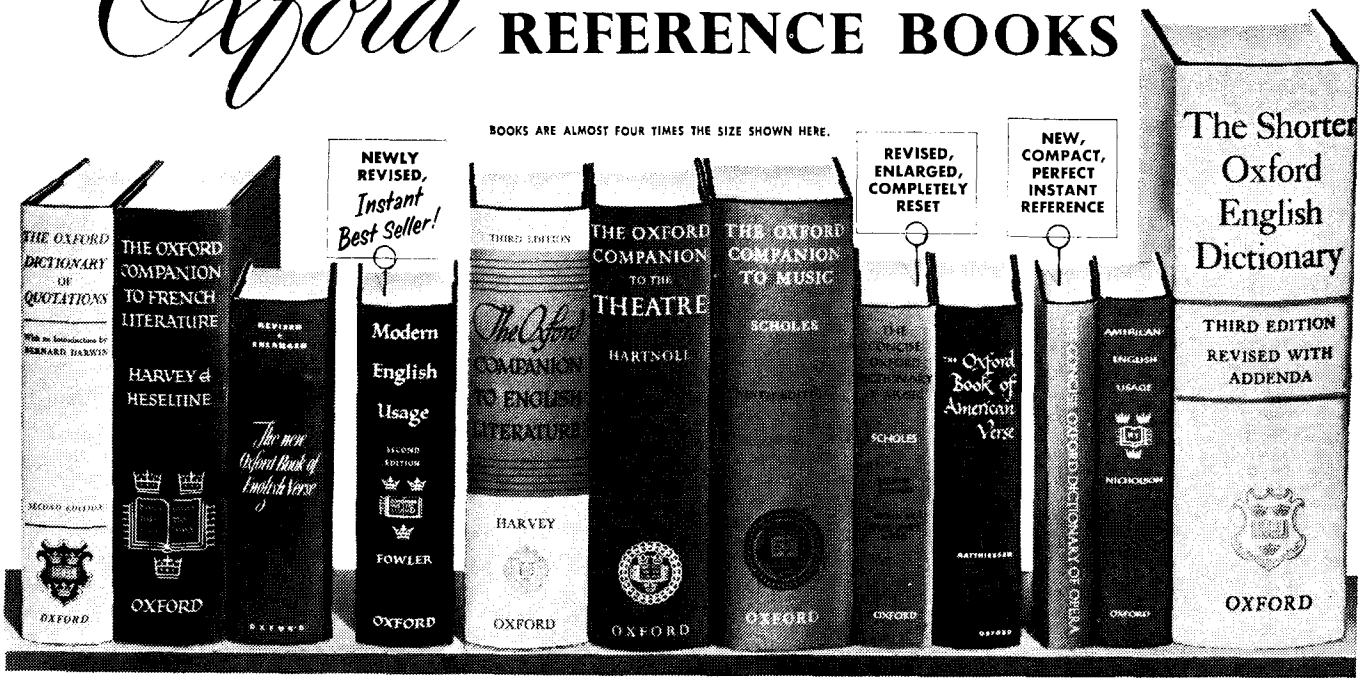

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demonstrated adherence to a certain broad philosophy of social order? I recognize the circle here, and I shall not ignore its implications. I am willing to restate Stigler's hypothesis in my own version, which is both circular and meaningful. "Political economists" will tend to be *libertarians* or *right-liberals* (they may be radical or conservative, active or passive). Rarely will they be *collectivists* or *left-liberals*. And I am, personally, willing to classify "political economists" by their adherence to broadly libertarian conceptions, and especially so in their methodology. The larger professional tent of "economics" properly includes these political economists; it is also wide enough to include the *dirigistes*. And professionally intersecting with both groups is the increasingly important group of clinically neutral scientists. Finally, lest we forget, the charlatans cannot be overlooked.

THE POINT TO BE MADE HERE is that technical understanding of the specific propositions of positive economics, unless informed by a comprehensive overview of the whole system of interaction, can be utilized by economists to increase the efficiency of collectivist control. The Soviet Union is currently on its way to becoming a better society largely owing to a belated recognition of very simple economic propositions. But positive economics, as such, will not necessarily turn its practitioners into supporters of the free society. A goodly dose of old-fashioned economic philosophy is required, and Uncle Adam's medicine cabinet is almost bare.

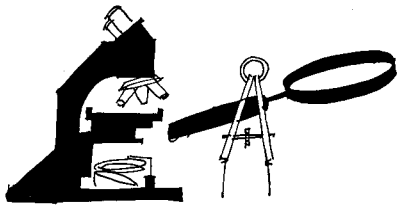
I HAVE NOT REALLY REVIEWED Stigler's book on essays. His careful papers on the theory of utility, on Ricardo, on economists generally, are only to be praised. But these papers are largely for the professional, and perhaps in partial refutation of Stigler's central hypothesis, the majority of professional economists do not read NATIONAL REVIEW.

Power and the Intellectuals

E. H. WALL

PROTESTANT theologian Reinhold Niebuhr once defined intellectuals as simply the more articulate members of the community. It is a rather good definition, for Niebuhr's deliberate confusion of the life of the mind with the life of the mouth captures so perfectly the failure of conventional usage to distinguish between thinkers and talkers. It is also broad enough to include many different types of intellectualism, such as those that exercise authors Lapp and Lasch. Both are highly articulate men, and both are concerned with the badly synchronized relations between intellectuals and American society. Yet they are concerned with very different types of intellectuals from very different intellectual viewpoints.

Lapp is a nuclear scientist and speaks for the Aristotelian tradition of intellectual-as-knower. This is an intellectualism of knowledge, of



having the facts. It values, say, free speech as much as any other intellectualism, but it seems much more natural to this tradition to insist with Lapp that "free speech becomes vacuous when the speaker is not knowledgeable" (Can you picture Norman Mailer saying something like that?)

Lapp's intellectuals are the scientists. Today, he tells us, they form a sort of separate class in American society, and stand to other classes of Americans much in the relation of priests to laymen, of the possessors of power to the beneficiaries of it. Yet, one wonders, will this power be used beneficently?

To answer that question, one must recognize that the power involved is something quite new, although it was anticipated by anti-utopians like Aldous Huxley. It is politico-scientific power. It has arisen with "Big Science" over the past twenty-some-odd years during which the science of the lone experimenter has been more and more replaced by the science of the big project carried on by teams of scientists and subsidized by literally billions of federal dollars each year. The money is appropriated by political leaders who, by and large, are not at all knowledgeable about science. They rely for counsel on scientific administrators and experts who, whether they will it or not, are drawn ever more closely to the centers of political power and come to exercise enormous influence. Thus a politico-scientific merger takes place. It is a merger that opens the way to numerous dangers for the future of both science and society. Lapp explores these dangers in detail, showing wheels within wheels. His analysis is readable and highly perceptive, although one may not agree with all of his views.

What is striking about Lapp's intellectuals is that they seem, as he puts it, to be "quiet usurpers" who, although they hold the keys to great power, show few signs of really aspiring to it. Just the opposite appears to be the case with the intellectuals of the past and present whom Christopher Lasch discusses in his set of biographical essays. On the whole, they had little or no political power, yet many of them just ached to get hold of it. These were, and are, in the tradition of intellectual-as-social critic. It is, as it were, an intellectualism of *having the criticism*—which is not the same as having the facts.

LASCH IS A SOCIAL HISTORIAN. His concern is with the intellectuals, radicals or Liberals (terms he uses fairly interchangeably) as a social class. He is not concerned with criticizing the new radicalism that began developing late in the last century in America; he is concerned with "understanding where it came from," what the forces were that gave rise to the modern phenomenon of the intellectuals as a social class.

The major figures that Lasch parades before the reader include Jane Addams, the social worker rebelling against the gentility of her earlier years; a spate of eccentric feminists; Randolph Bourne, who

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The New Priesthood: The Scientific Elite and the Uses of Power, by Ralph E. Lapp. Harper, $4.95

The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963, by Christopher Lasch. Knopf, $6.05

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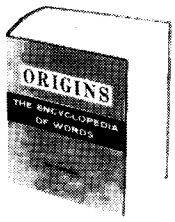

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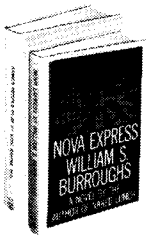

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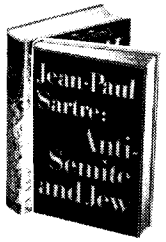

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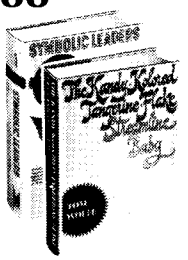

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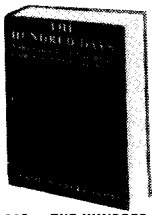

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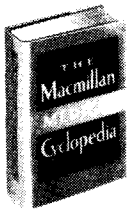

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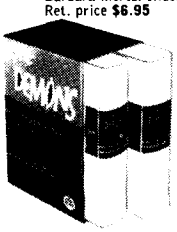

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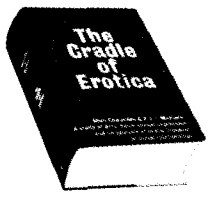

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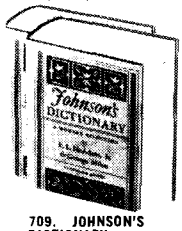

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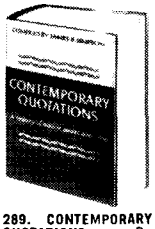

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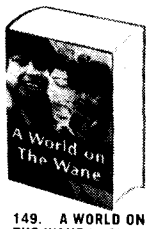

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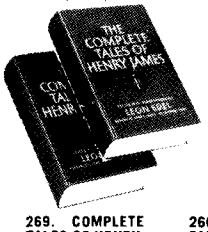

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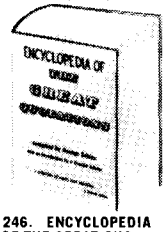

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despaired of adults and championed "the revolt of youth"; Mabel Dodge Luhan, a remarkable woman for whom sex was surrogate for politics; the *New Republic* crowd of World War I vintage, sycophanting to the Archangel Woodrow; Lincoln Colcord and Colonel House, who abetted each other's self-deceptions and proved that lies can be beautiful; and Lincoln Steffens, the man who loved honest crooks and despised crooked society.

The lesser lights of the book include Norman Mailer, who should be out looking for this guy Lasch with a baseball bat; Dwight Macdonald, the fellow who found that cultural criticism was possible where political criticism was not; Reinhold Niebuhr and Sidney Hook, in whose collective behalf your reviewer would like to go looking for Lasch with a baseball bat; Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John F. Kennedy, the latter of whom performed the remarkable feat of making the image of the intellectual an attractive one.

LASCH's main argument is that modern radicalism or Liberalism can best be understood as a phase of the social history of the intellectuals. His intellectual, he says at the outset, may be broadly defined as "a person for whom thinking fulfills at once the function of work and play; more specifically, as a person whose relationship to society is defined, both in his eyes and in the eyes of society, principally by his presumed capacity to comment upon it with greater detachment than those caught up in the practical business of production and power. . . His vocation is to be a critic of society. . . ."

The crucial note here is "detachment." For this detachment, Lasch suggests, began on the individual level as a sense of frustration and uselessness. An intelligent girl like Jane Addams could well wonder what on earth she could do with her life to use it in an important way. The genteel life of the middle class family seemed to constrict the possibilities open to her. So too, to the feminists the man's world of business and affairs—the important world—seemed unfairly closed, and their own lives unreal, artificial. As these frustrations were articulated and the intellectuals discovered each other and a sense of solidarity, a social class consciousness developed. This but translated the frustrations to a higher level. For the new social class had no particular social function, no recognition, and especially no power. Surely, it seemed to the intellectuals, that there must be something radically wrong with a society in which a condition could exist, and so they

came up with all manner of nostrums to cure the social malady. Lasch points out, rightly I think, that the intellectuals' basic problems were cultural ones, and that intellectualism often elided into Liberalism and radicalism because of the intellectuals' propensity for seeking political solutions to these problems.

THE GREAT DISENCHANTMENT set in after World War I. No anticipated brave new world emerged and the intellectuals became professionally disillusioned: "The pose of disillusionment was [now] essential to the pose of detachment." Political power, which seemed within the intellectuals' grasp under Wilson, evaporated under Harding, and some intellectuals turned to cultural criticism since political power was no longer available. Some, like Niebuhr and Hook, turned to Marxism until the Cold War forced them to make a choice and they chose the West. Lasch does not care for the nature of that choice, and he makes his dissatisfaction quite clear—unfairly I think—when he deals with Niebuhr and Hook. His treatment of Norman Mailer is far more deadly and I think more just. Possibly, however, the reviewer and the author share the same prejudices in this particular case.

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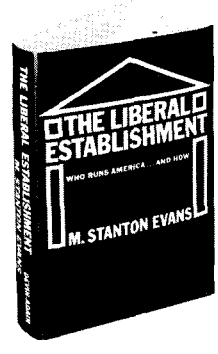

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Movies in Brief

RICHARD HODGENS

THE COLLECTOR. "Almost a love story," the posters declare, but "Almost a sick joke" would be more like it: a butterfly-collecting clerk wins some money and starts chasing girls, but treats them much the same. Producer-director William Wyler's films are nothing if not careful, and he has lavished such care on this adaptation of John Fowles' novel that one expects something more than a horror-story about a madman and a persecuted maiden; but, no, Wyler and Company have exquisitely pinned, fixed, mounted and framed an old, battered, dusty moth, and when they're done with it all one can say is (reflections on class-hatred, repression and necrophilia aside), if only he were not so mad, or if only she could hit harder. Terence Stamp, who did well as Billy Budd, here manages to look like the son of Frankenstein's monster, without special make-up. Samantha Eggar is the pretty catch who aggravates this poor collector's illness by talking too much and trying to escape.

LA TIA TULA. Enthusiastic reviewers have written of peculiar Spanish customs and sexual repression, but they are not that peculiar, and this is not one of those films about people who don't know what's happening to them while the audience is never allowed to forget it. Aunt Tula takes care of her dead sister's family. The children love her and, in time, so does her brother-in-law. But she does not make decisions lightly, and puts some decisions off indefinitely, so that before she has overcome the complexity of emotions that she calls self-respect and her priest calls pride, the widower has trapped himself into a different marriage. Director Miguel Picazo, who shares credit for adapting Miguel de Unamuno's novel, has filmed this adult love story in a currently unfashionable style, with a nice sense of proportion. There are no looming close-ups, no long-held still-lifes or landscapes of mystical significance, no kicking the camera about during an attempted rape or a party scene. Finally, one would not expect a final parting in a railroad station to be anything but a tiresome cliché, but Picazo brings that off, too. Aurora Bautista is excellent as Tula, and the rest of the cast is adequate.

THE SANDPIPER. Almost a love story, billed as an "adult" one; or, Elizabeth and Richard Burton demonstrating the educational effects of adultery as committed by a minister (who says things like, "Saints tend to be myopic, atheists can be . . . innocent") with an atheistic, if not . . . innocent, artist (who says things like, "Man is being destroyed by his own myths"). These preposterous conversationalists may seem made for each other, but their affair is still unconvincing, and when they are all talked out there is an unconvincing parting. They are sadder but less myopic, and so is his preposterous wife (Eva Marie Saint). As he leaves both of the women he loves, he sermonizes about what he has learned. Civil disobedience, for instance, and also that "thinking and therefore being may be a kind of prayer." Vincente Minnelli directed.

CAT BALLOU. "It's a hangin' day in Wolf City, Wyoming, in 1894," sing Nat Cole and Stubby Kaye, getting it all straight right at the very beginning of yet another nostalgic celebration of the disparity between legend and reality. The legend is there fine, melodramatic balladry, neatly juxtaposed throughout with the reality, which is farce and burlesque. It is Catherine Ballou, immortalized in song as "Queen of the Outlaws" (Jane Fonda, who obviously is Innocence itself), who climbs to the gallows while all Wolf City cheers; in the flash-

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backed body of the film, inexorably leading back to the hanging day, we see how she only meant to be the new schoolmarm, but was driven to outlawry and formed a gang (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman, Lee Marvin, and Tom Nardini, all perfect bunglers) that "made the country bleed," generally speaking. . . . There are moments when the film looks just like an ordinary Western, and there are moments when the humor is childish, but on the whole it is a pleasant success. Elliot Silverstein directed.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES, OR, HOW I FLEW FROM LONDON TO PARIS IN TWENTY-FIVE HOURS AND ELEVEN MINUTES. Even before Ronald Searle's quaint titles, this comedy about an international competition in 1910 overstresses its quaint potential, and all those disastrous efforts to fly prefigure the effect of the film itself; it begins bravely, falters before intermission and—after two hours and a half—crash-lands. The slapstick chases and typed characters ("Look out! It's another German!") preclude any serious interest, the romance and (finally) the race itself are less amusing, and *TMMITFMOHIFFLTPITHAEM* is simply too long. Even so, the cast is fine, and so are the antiquated aircraft actually built and actually flown. Ken Annakin directed and collaborated on the screenplay.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

RECREATION, LEISURE, AND POLITICS, by Arnold W. Green (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). "Sociology" is a four-letter word in my dictionary, but it would never have become so if there were a few more sociologists like Ernest van den Haag and Arnold Green. In this freshly ranging book, Professor Green spares us the dreary paraphernalia of fatuous depth-interviews by bored graduate students; and, if he has not quite brought himself to throwing out the whole kit and caboodle of professional jargon, he keeps it well below the vomiting point. In reaching a conclusion, he is not afraid of appealing to intelligence, literary tradition, direct observation or even common horse sense. Prof. Green's title is only a sample of his menu. The idea and ideal of "nature," the rural bias, TV programs, conservationism, equality, tourists, utopias, virtue and exercise, delinquency and camping, entertainment, segregation of the old, teen-age images and automation, all belong to his cluster. In the age of affluence and short-work-weeks, these are topics that thrust themselves forward for scientific analysis, philosophical contemplation and political manipulation. As for that last, a belief in the ability of government to solve the problems of the citizens' leisure and recreation will have a hard time surviving unscathed a reading of this book. J. BURNHAM

FESTSCHRIFT FOR MARIANNE MOORE'S 77TH BIRTHDAY, edited by Tambimuttu (Tambimuttu & Mass, $4.95). As is so often the case with such dismal productions, the bigger the name—the smaller the contribution. And vice versa. There are agreeable little poems by John Ciardi, William Jay Smith and others; and equally agreeable brief appreciations by Conrad Aiken, Padraic Colum, Allen Tate and other slightly outdated Big Names. But O! the *vice*, and Ah! the *versa*, and whose un-birthday party is *this*? Leading the pack is the editor, who seems obsessed with Sanskrit and other disasters; panting close behind are someone who lunched with Miss Moore at Schrafft's on 42nd Street in 1958; an English lady who went All The Way To Brooklyn to see Miss Moore back in 1946; and so on into the night. There's nothing *wrong* with a collection of trifling reminiscences by people who don't happen to be famous, larded with a few inflated essays comparing the bright birthday girl with Emily Dickinson. But why must the contributors bloviate at such extravagant lengths about their own psyches and petty concerns? Here's the prize—it comes in an over-long piece by a woman who ran into Miss Moore at a party in the Village ("I had on a red suit and sat on the floor, by her knees"). The author found herself tongue-tied in The Presence—for a while: "I did finally manage to ask her what she thought about the astronauts. I meant: What about the monstrous and marvelous prospect of man making it to the moon, and maybe to other planets. But she interpreted me in another way, and said: 'Well, I like John Glenn. Isn't it terrible that he slipped in the bathtub?' " Good for you, Miss Moore—and a happy, Festchriftless 78th! Ridiculous line drawings; nice photographs of the Lady from Brooklyn. C. H. SIMONDS

WRITERS AND POLITICS: *Essays and Criticism*, by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Pantheon, $4.95). Conor Cruise O'Brien—sometime United Nations' representative to Katanga, Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana, and author of the present volume—is, he sadly concludes, a Liberal; but a Liberal who prefers Jean-Paul Sartre to Albert Camus, and who scorns *both* Adlai Stevenson and Whittaker Chambers ("The Perjured Saint") with Thermidorian detestation. *Writers and Politics* is a sundry collection of writings and rantings by Mr. O'Brien (many of them, we are told, were written to satisfy what F. R. Leavis has scornfully called "the exigencies of weekly journals") on subjects as diverse as the United Nations, James Joyce, Albert Schweitzer, Osagyefo Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, and academic freedom. For those who are interested in this type of book, and willing to put up with a plethora of ideological idiosyncrasies, there are several rewarding moments. The discussion of Michelet's *History of the French Revolution* and its contemporary historiographical significance is a particularly enjoyable essay; as are the essays on Ireland. Indeed, it is what Mr. O'Brien dubs Ireland's "Revolutionary Tradition" with its corresponding dislike for norms and institutions, such as the Catholic Church, that permeates this entire book and shapes its author. The anthology concludes with an address given by the author before the Congregation of the University of Ghana. It is a ringing cry for academic freedom, and a warning to those who cry "colonialism" while they themselves suppress freedom. It is a good ending to an otherwise bad book. P. WITONSKI

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Malaysia

(Continued from p. 771)

east Asia with.

Singapore might very well be viable as a city-state. If Lee genuinely intends to pursue an independent course, he may be able to do so. He has more cards than meet the eye. Lee has stated that an independent Singapore will seek to renew trade with Indonesia, as well as welcome trade with Red China. This is not good news, even though, from Singapore's point of view, there is some justification for such a policy. After all, Hong Kong trades with Red China, yet remains anti-Communist.

Sukarno insists that he will not allow trade unless Lee gets rid of the Commonwealth forces and bases on Singapore Island. Meanwhile, Lee and Rahman have announced that their agreement provides for the retention of these bases. The Malays may have hit the panic button in their tactless announcement that they can always cut off Singapore's water (two-thirds of it comes by pipeline from Johore) and in their bid for new British-built bases to replace Singapore's. These are two real possibilities, but it would be better to expend reasonable effort in keeping Singapore well-disposed toward the West.

Borneo seems the weakest link. Borneo was included in Malaysia for political reasons, as we have seen. It has very few real links to Malaya; all its trade has been through Singapore. Now that they are no longer needed to balance the Chinese population of Singapore, the Borneo territories are a net burden to Malaya. British, Australian, New Zealanders, and Gurkhas have borne the brunt of Borneo's defense, and will probably continue to do so, as the alternative is to let Indonesia take over.

The game of *konfrontasi,* in which only Sukarno is allowed to take offensive action, has been played by Sukarno's loaded rules up to now. As a result, it costs very little to launch an attack, and it costs the other fellow a great deal more to maintain security and defense forces along the thousand-odd mile jungle border. If Sukarno feels that he can develop his own little Vietnam in Borneo, and wear down the West so that it is glad to give up its foothold —then perhaps it is a good time to show Sukarno that *two* can play the game.

Birth Control

(Continued from p. 772)

Tuesday could plausibly hold herself forth, either to the faithful or to the world, as an infallible authority on *morals—or on anything else except* ghostly matters like the Assumption that are not subject to human disputation.

What, however, of anovulents? I don't know, and the Church hasn't said. This is another ballgame. I own strong opinions about Christians' tampering with the generative process for any but pathological reasons; but *Casti Connubii* proscribes only the "use of matrimony"—the exercise of the sex "act"—under certain conditions; and pill-taking isn't sex. If the objection is that for this and that purpose condoms and pills come down to the same thing, the answer is that for this and that other purpose, they don't. And if the differences, for some, do not seem to justify a doctrinal distinction, the further answer is that while Mother Church always hopes for understanding by her children, she will settle for assent.

Peaceniks

(Continued from p. 768)

sunsplashed white marble against the blue sky. Around the Monument, a wide circle of American flags rippled in the wind.

The peaceniks advanced, their hair and clothes blowing in the wind, singing *We Shall Overcome.* Holding hands, they completely circled the Monument. Louder and louder they sang.

I stepped away, walked down the open green a hundred yards, and turned to watch. They could scarcely be heard at that distance. They seemed tiny at the base of the paternal pillar, in the middle of that vast green, ringed about like children by the protecting circle of American flags far above.

There I left them, visionaries of the New American Revolution, and spent the rest of that warm afternoon strolling about the Lincoln Memorial, the museums, the parks. I had never seen these before; this was my first trip to Washington. For me, the Old American Revolution was satisfactory, and supremely worth fighting to sustain.

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NEWSPAPER REPORTER, 37, major North Jersey daily, seeks position where temperance and fidelity are not outdated. B.S. Bus. Admn., English, eight years reporting, writing experience; teletypist. Veteran. Write Box 235, NR.

Salesman, college grad, 27, excellent sales and business background seeks sales position with management potential, metropolitan location desired. Write Box 175, NR.

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For The Record

Suddenly out of favor as a result of L.A. riots: The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. The NY Times, Sunday, Aug. 22, reprinted a bitterly critical cartoon from Denver Post (without apology). Gov. Pat Brown, when told MLK Jr. was en route, commented: Why doesn't he stay home? Robert Kennedy, talking to the Oddfellows, took the occasion to blast irresponsible Negro civil rights leadership in Northern cities. George Weaver, Asst. Sec. of Labor (himself a Negro), made pointed crack at King: "Civil rights leaders who speak out on sensitive foreign problems," he said, "should never forget that with the victories won in the struggle for civil and human rights has come the sobering burden of a great responsibility."

Will he, won't he? Won't he, will he? Run against Ronald Reagan in gubernatorial primary next year? Sen. Thomas Kuchel's post-Los Angeles riots decision (according to NY Herald Trib) is no. Final word expected after top-level confab of California GOPers Sept. 24-27 . . . . Joseph Shell, California conservative who ran so well against Richard Nixon in '62 gubernatorial primary (35% of vote), has joined Sen. John Tower (R., Tex), and Russell Kirk in chiding John Birch members for intemperate reaction to Wm. F. Buckley Jr. newspaper columns on the JBS . . . . Latest important adherents to Buckley for Mayor Committee in New York are Earl E. T. Smith, former US Ambassador to Cuba and confidant of JFK, and Frederick Strong, treasurer of McCall's.

From recent FBI report on crime in '64. More than half the murder victims in that year were Negroes; one out of every ten police officers was physically assaulted . . . . Negro employment, incidentally, has increased nearly 400,000 this year. But jobless rate still high.

Poverty bill got through the Senate, but carrying an amendment the Administration opposed. Offered by Sen. George Murphy (R., Cal.), amendment puts all poverty workers under the Hatch Act, which bars them from partisan politics . . . . Doomed fight against the measure ably led, both on floor

and in committee, by Sen. Peter Dominick (R., Colo.) . . . . American Conservative Union urging Democratic and Republican senators to step up their fight against repeal of Taft-Hartley's 14(b) . . . . There's good chance action on right-to-work could be delayed until next session if pro-right-to-work forces threaten filibuster.

Nomination for Eleanor Roosevelt Quote of the Week Award: Ruth Gage Colby of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom: "We people of the United States must rid ourselves of the obsession of anti-Communism. Obsession is a mental disease, you know."

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New patented
guard bar with
lengthwise grooves–sets
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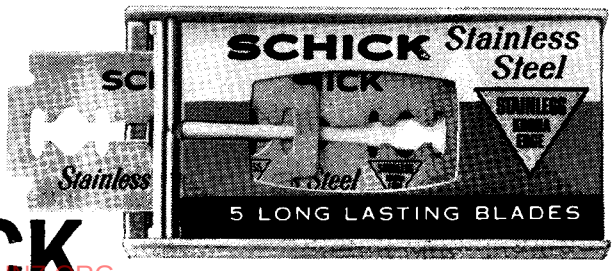

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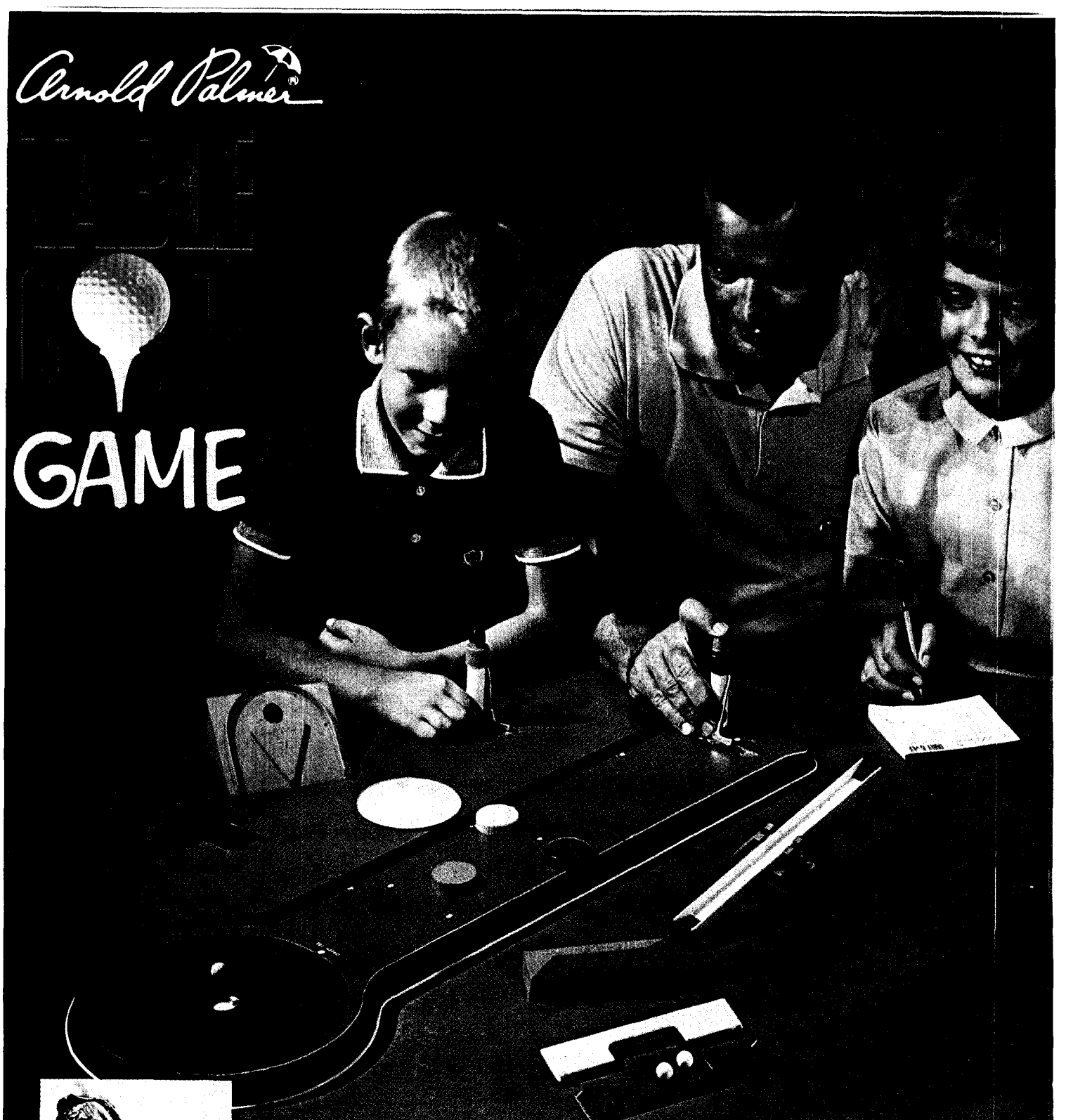
Arnold Palmer

GAME



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